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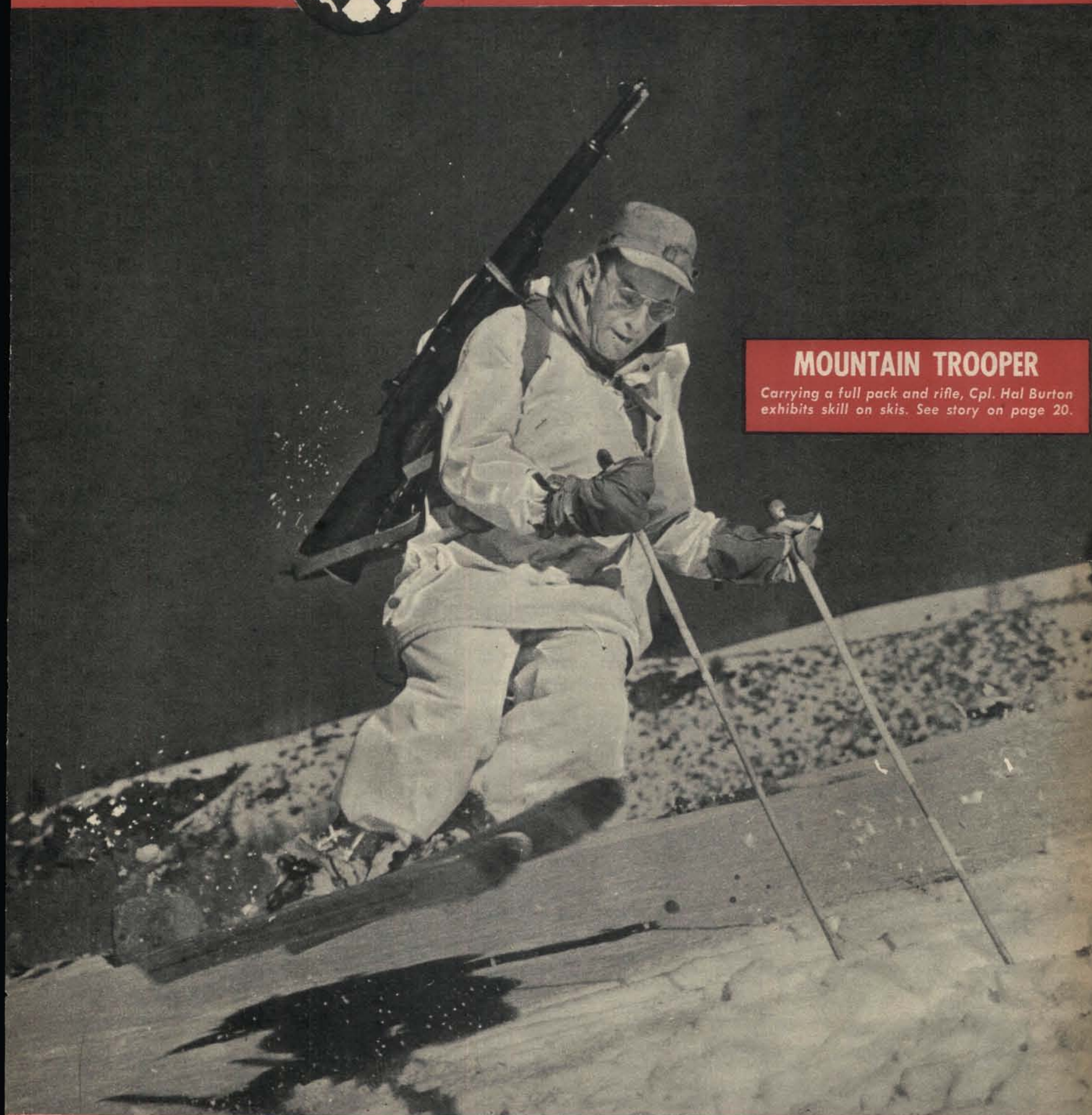
By the men . . for the men in the service



MOUNTAIN TROOPER

Carrying a full pack and rifle, Cpl. Hal Burton exhibits skill on skis. *See story on page 20.*

Across North Africa With the British 8th

STORY ON PAGES 2-3. PICTURES, PAGES 12-13

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In one of the war's dramatic pictures, a British gunner in Tripolitania, his shoulder hit by shrapnel, gets first aid, whilehis mates keep firing.

Operating from the front lines, a U. S. Air Force canteen truck pulls in at depot to load supplies.

Two U. S. soldiers in British uniforms. They are part of a U. S. supply unit working with the Eighth Army.

Rommel's Rout in

From Alexandria to Tripoli, a YANK Reporter Saw Axis collapse Before British Eighth Army

By SGT. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY IN TRIPOLI [Delayed]—Men of the Eighth Army have conquered the last stronghold of the Italian Empire in North Africa. They came into Tripoli at dawn on the first anniversary of the British retreat from El Agheila.

First to enter the town were the armored cars of the Eleventh Hussars. Rolling in at 5 A.M., they parked in the broad, deserted Piazza d'Italia. Following them were the forward elements of Gen. Montgomery's Highlander regiments. They came in with their pipers, the bagpipes skirling, and paraded around the square. Two Italian soldiers trying to give themselves up had trouble attracting the attention of the Britishers.

Citizens of the Ghetto received the men warmly, giving them oranges and wine, telling how the Germans had taken cameras from the shops at pistol point and had said they were going west to fight a stronger force in Tunis.

Among the first Americans to enter Tripoli were Field Service men attached to the Hussars: Van Cleef, of Woodbridge, Conn.; T. E. Munce, of Harrisburg, Pa.; W. Schorger, Madison, Wis.; James Doubleday, of Binghamton, N. Y.

Crosses Mark Trail of Retreat

The trail left by the rapidly retreating Germans started just outside Alexandria, 1,300 miles to the east. Thousands of empty, rusty gasoline cans lined each side of the road. At El Alamein, where one of the greatest battles in this part of the war was fought, the Aussies had set up a sign to describe how grim things were. It read: "If you're going farther, take one of these." Below the sign hung a row of small white crosses.

A short distance east of Daba was the first Nazi cemetery. Here were buried 50 or more Germans. The grave of a lone Canadian pilot was among them. The graves had been hastily decorated with crosses made from ME cannon shells; some had unfired ack-ack for headpieces. There were many unknown soldier graves. Identification papers were stuck into beer bottles which were thrust neck down in the mounds.

Enemy Machines Reconditioned

On through Sidi Barrani and Salum the wreckage increased. German personnel carriers lay riddled in the ditches; Axis and Allied tanks were overturned, the turrets blasted off.

Out in the desert outside Tobruk dusty Americans had set up shop. They were members of a heavy maintenance unit of the U. S. Ordnance. From the litter of hulks surrounding them, they had built up a big spare parts department. It contained equipment for enemy as well as Allied machines. Enemy parts went into damaged Nazi and Italian vehicles, which were sent back into battle against the Axis. Yanks turned out 10-ton Italian diesel trucks by the dozens.

When the company moved into this location, it discovered the Italians had dumped a saline solution into the water source, giving the water a disagreeable brackish taste. Roaming about the battlefield, 1st Lt. Alfred W. Harwell, of Birmingham, Ala., came upon a brand new ME radiator. He got the idea of building a distillery to purify the water.

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To help him, he called in Pfc. Bethel C. Tunnell, of Persia, Tenn., a former textile mill employee who had run a still in the East Tennessee hills in his spare time. They brought back the radiator, rounded up a German gasoline drum for a boiler, a length of pipe, and soon had a first rate still working. Poured into the drum, the saline water turned to steam, travelled along the pipe into the radiator, and condensed in the radiator's coils. It emerged at the drain cock as saltless, sparkling water. The company turned out 25 gallons of drinking water daily. It was used in batteries, and by the medics.

From Tobruk the trail of battle left the coast road but came back with a bang at Derna. Rows of MEs, Stukas and Junkers lay crumpled where our airmen had caught them on the ground. In front of the wrecked airport were 10 big JU12 engines and a JU radial engine, all brand new.

U. S. Co. Hq. Set Up at Bengasi

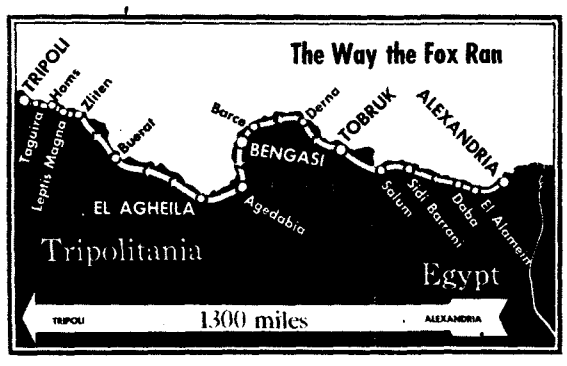
All along the road eastward, through Derna, Giovanni Berta, Barce and on toward Bengasi blasted tanks lined the road; by the time YANK's reporter reached Bengasi nobody was there except Arabs, British soldiers and a small mobile supply attachment of Americans.

The Yanks set up a typical army company headquarters with acting top kicks Woodrow Blair, of Fremont, Va., and Richard Sureck, of Chicago, in charge. They wore regular issue of British battle dress, complete to short spats, which the U. S. QM is now supplying for desert wear. Only the U. S. wool field cap distinguished the Yanks from the Tommies.

The harbor was cluttered with ship hulks. One 6,000-ton freighter was clipped in two by a bomb blast that separated the bow from the stern by hundreds of yards. There was hardly a building not marked by bombs or machine-gun bullets.

Dug in like duck hunters in the marshy sloughs around the city, were men of Britain's ack-ack outfit, the Top Hat Battery. They gave Bengasi what has been called the best air defense on earth.

N. Africa



Teamed with the RAF's night fighters, the Top Hat boys sent one flight of Jerry raiders back minus half their planes, repulsed three other raids.

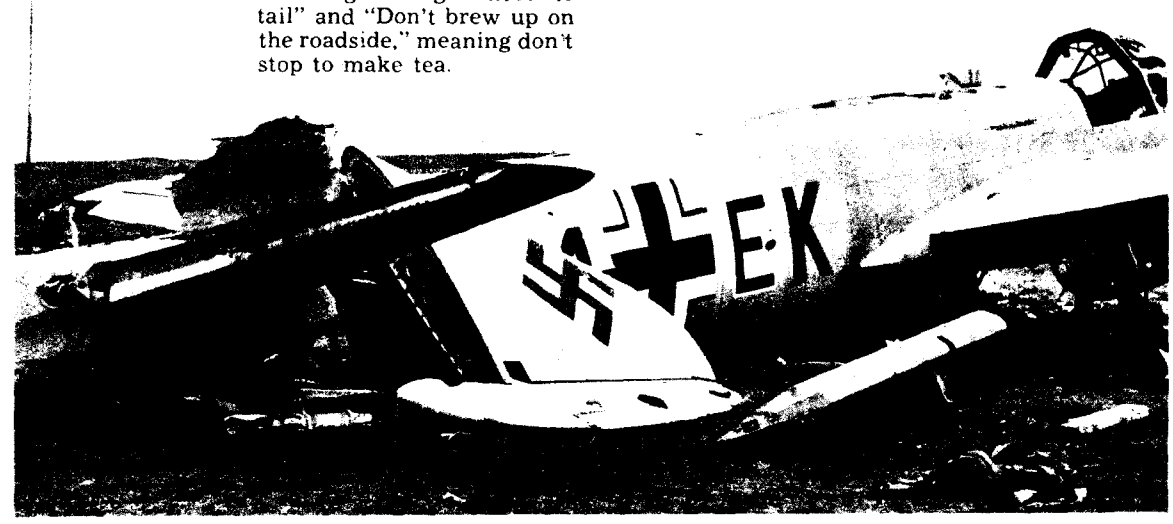
From Chelsea and vicinity they fired in Hyde Park during the blitz, were later sent to the Middle East, then to Tobruk. Here they developed their greatest instrument of destruction, the harbor barrage, a curtain of fire the Stukas could not penetrate. They brought that technique to Bengasi and used it successfully.

At one time they threw more than 1,200 heavy ack-ack shells into the air during an evening's engagement, 248 rounds of which went up in 16 minutes.

For two nights Jerry tried to bomb the British columns passing through. A radio listening device detected the approach of the planes, and a whistle blast called the men to the guns. Naked, half dressed, they tumbled out of their bivvies. The 3.7s opened up with ear-shattering blasts. With the report came the muzzle flash—18 feet of whitish orange flame that almost dried the eyeballs. Far above came the flash of the bursts each with a diameter of 120 yards, dealing death to any plane that came inside. The guns threw these explosives 32,000 feet at a rate of 15 per minute per gun.

Not an enemy plane was caught during these raids. Jerry turned away rather than face the deadly barrage.

Beyond Bengasi fresh road signs were erected to goad the attention of weary convoy drivers. "One bomb, one vehicle—not 10. Keep 100 yards apart." Another, "Don't get caught nose to tail" and "Don't brew up on the roadside," meaning don't stop to make tea.



Over a wrecked Nazi plane flies a flag adopted by an RAF squadron, as a gesture to the Soviets.

Near Agedabia there were the remains of the Britishers' works which marked their farthest advance last year. Barbed wire and other emplacements extended from Agedabia to Agheila. Macchi skeletons were silhouetted in the distance, tails up, noses rooted in the sand. A great German dump was full of tanks, planes and large gas trucks left behind in the retreat.

It was from here that Sgt. T. Wrenn, of Dublin, Ireland, made his famous 450-mile march to Tobruk.

A British MP, Sgt. Wrenn stands 5 feet 3 in his socks, weighs just over 125 pounds.

The British were camped at Sidi Sultan last January when Jerry started the push that took him as far as Tobruk. Wrenn and Sgt. Maj. A. J. Collins, of London, came in from a job one day to find German forces in position across their path. The British had withdrawn and were bowling down the coast road for Bengasi. Wrenn and Collins had two choices: to walk several hundred yards and give themselves up, or walk several hundred miles and rejoin their outfit. They decided on the latter.

Sneak Through a Jerry Camp

They hid in a wadi until nightfall; then clad only in battle dress, bearing no rations, water or compass, they stepped into Agheila's scrub-covered wastes. They went for several days before water became a problem, because there was plenty of rain. But the bitter cold that sets in soon after nightfall almost licked them.

They hid by day and hiked at night, directing themselves by the stars and occasional familiar landmarks.

"One night," Sgt. Wrenn related, "we found ourselves surrounded by a flock of sleeping Jerries. We'd walked smack into their bloody camp. If we kept on there was danger of making a noise or stepping on a Jerry belly. Yet if we waited for more light, they'd wake up with us right in their midst. We decided to risk a sneak through the camp. We got through all right; we even made away with a pack of biscuits and a bottle of water we picked up from a sleeping German."

Toughest going was in the chilly mountains of Cyrenaica where scaling and descending rocky bluffs cut their progress to a crawl.

After 22 days of this, they got inside the British lines and reported to their unit 35 miles west of Tobruk.

The Highlanders started the last lap of the push into Tripoli from near Buerat, 200 miles east of Tripoli. Endless lines of motor transport, Shermans, Grants, Crusaders and trucks full of soldiers passed Arabs herding their camels and donkeys. Misurata was entered the day after the Italians vacated it.

All the crossroads had been mined, giving the British sappers plenty of work to do. Where the country was hilly, the Germans had blown huge holes in the road where by-passing was the most difficult. While the Engineers sweated to carve out new tracks, the roads were jammed for miles back with men and equipment. Only complete superiority over the enemy allowed such concentration.

Through Zliten, Suk El Chemis, Leptis Magna, the Highlanders pushed on.

Beyond Homs, the enemy put up its last big fight before Tripoli. It was no story-book front. It was tense, quiet as a tomb. Men of the Seaforth Black Watch, scouting through the hills, met a pocket of strongly entrenched Jerries who turned on a hail of mortar and Spandau fire. There were many casualties.

The Highlanders reorganized and, led by kilted pipers, came back and dislodged the enemy. The night before, 300 Jerries made a stand at a large fort on top of a hill west of Homs, until Jock brought up enough 25-pounders to knock him out.

As the columns passed the fort the morning after, they saw the holes the guns made, the dead lying at the base of the hill. Near the road there was a leg with a shoe on it, sole remains of a mine blast. From the main battlefield, stretcher bearers were bringing in the dead and wounded of both sides.

Italians didn't mind being captured. Their interpreter said that their officers had left them at the start of the attack, that they had very little ammunition.

Here we saw a man pacing back and forth, his hands behind his back.

"That's Monty," somebody said.

Monty was smaller than you'd expect, and very friendly. When we complimented him on the speed with which the Eighth Army had moved its supplies, he smiled and said, "We are an experienced army."

He told us that we would enter Tripoli that day or the next.

We entered the next day.

Clearing the Way Into Tripoli

Beyond Homs, five MEs came in to strafe the Highlanders. British artillery drove them off before they could do any damage. This was the first enemy air activity since bombs had been dropped at the Tamet campsite near Buerat.

From Homs to Tripoli the advance was hindered only by roadblocks, which the Engineers quickly removed.

The night before the occupation the Highlanders camped outside Taguira, about 15 miles east of Tripoli. Word came that there was a delaying force of Germans on a ridge two miles ahead.

The Infantry moved forward on Crusaders, Bren carriers and trucks. There was no joking or talking. Warehouses set afire near Taguira threw a bright glow into the sky.

The boys didn't have much opposition. They cleared the ridge, leaving Jerry bodies along the road.

The way was clear into Tripoli.

PICTURES of the Eighth Army's advance across North Africa were taken by Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer. When you finish reading the story on this page, turn to pages 12 and 13 for his photographic account of the historic victory.

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Looks almost like home except for the soda jerkers. For the record, it's an ice cream bar in an Indian base port, featuring U. S. patrons.

The jeep shows another purpose, as a trail blazer. A G.I. guides it through long grass in Guadalcanal, breaking way for the truck behind.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM THE CHOWLINE TO GUADALCANAL, SAY

When Sweetpea Visited Her Uncles There Was Hell to Pay Over France

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The British think it's "jolly" the way the average, tough Yank melts at the sight of a youngster.

There's a story kicking around these parts about a group of American airmen who came to London with $400 and said they wanted to adopt a war orphan.

The Yanks, S/Sgt. Louis A. Dabney, of Birmingham, Ala., Sgt. Arthur E. Ward, of Portsmouth, Ohio, and Cpl. Irvin W. Combs, of Humboldt, Kans., were secretly hoping that they could adopt a boy.

But a Red Cross worker presented a smiling, blue-eyed, curly-haired blond, of 3½ years, who made the G.I.s melt like snow in a frying pan. The kid's name was Maureen, daughter of a Tommy who had been killed in action.

The airmen adopted the youngster on condition that she visit the squadron regularly. Then they tagged her with the name Sweetpea, after their Flying Fortress.

Sweetpea's first date with her G.I. uncles fell on a day when they were hovering over a vital Nazi air supply base in Romilly, France. Jerry offered a stiff battle, but three of the fighters got closer to the Fortress than was safe. Two Focke-Wulfs were smacked down in flames, while a third was blown to bits by flak.

The Yanks dropped their load over the target, but had to fight their way home through a sky clouded with enemy planes. The battle ended with 44 Jerries in hell.

The Fort returned safely and on time for the date with Sweetpea. One engine was lost, enemy flak had bitten hard into one wing, one supercharger was blown out and the life raft knocked out by a 20-mm shell.

It's a mystery how the Fort ever got back to England. Said the American uncles—a G.I. never breaks a date, especially with a blond.

—Sgt. WALTER F. PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Special Troops Unit in N. Africa Becomes a Haven for Lost Soldiers

U.S. BASE IN TUNISIA [By Radio]—This story is about a unit that doesn't exist. It doesn't have a T/O, there's no AR to cover it, it's not like any other outfit in this man's army.

What it does is take care of the waifs and strays who have been separated from their units in battle as a result of injuries, and have nowhere to go.

In a war of slashing movement, getting lost is inevitable at times, and that's the reason for this special troops unit.

Several weeks ago, close to black-out time, a staff sergeant and two corporals who had been wounded in the early stages of Tunisian campaign and had been discharged from the hospital, moseyed into a major's office.

"Where do we go from here?" they asked.

The major didn't know, and sent them to the headquarters of the special troops unit. They didn't know either, but gave the guys a hot meal and put them to bed.

The next morning, six more G.I.s strayed in. Within five days there were 50 lost soldiers hanging around.

The colonel of the special troops unit and his executive officer, Capt. John E. Kieffer, of Buffalo, N. Y., sat down and talked it over. They were already taking care of a parachute battalion, a surgical outfit, a combat team, and a boat maintenance company. There was hardly room for the new, unofficial recruits.

The ordinary army answer would be to pass the buck, but the two officers had other ideas. Capt. Kieffer said they had to do something, so they rolled up their sleeves, crossed their fingers, and stuck out their necks.

They drafted the 50 new guests, and gave them the job of visiting hospitals, identifying the wounded and finding out what clothing and equipment was needed.

The guys in the hospitals didn't expect anything to come of all this. But when the strays returned with the equipment, and even cigarettes, their faces lit up like they were seeing Hedy Lamarr riding through the wards a la Lady Godiva on a bicycle.

The thing worked out swell. Patients who came out of the hospital then did the same thing that had been done for them, by joining up with the strays' casual unit.

The physical condition of the strays varies; some have been wounded by shrapnel, bayoneted, run over by tanks, shell-shocked. Special attention is given to the shell-shock cases. One of them went AWOL for four days and didn't even know it.

Recently, 40 strays, completely rehabilitated, were returned to their outfits at the front.

The motto of the casual group is, "Anybody who comes here regardless of who he is or where he comes from can have anything we've got if he really needs it."

—Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

Here's One Time EM Broke Rules And the Officers Didn't Say a Word

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—There's one outfit down here whose enlisted men are still laughing at the way they brought the New Year in—and, incidentally, settled a score at the same time.

It all started the week before. The officers were having a Christmas Eve party, and at the height of festivities, they decided that things were not lively enough. Dragging out their .45s they punched full of holes the cardinal rule against firing small arms except in combat. To the EM, this was carrying things a bit too far. It was bad enough, they figured, to be dead sober on Christmas Eve, but to be wakened in the middle of the night and reminded of it—.

They vowed vengeance.

New Year's Eve was also as dry as a prohibitionists' convention. By 11:30 the camp was in total darkness, and it would appear that the Old Year was going out unattended. But all was not as it seemed.

Promptly at midnight, a half-dressed figure stepped out of a tent, and the silence was shattered by the crash of rifle shots. They hadn't stopped echoing when men poured out of every tent as though to repel an invasion, and from the noise that followed it might well have been an attack. Rifles, pistols, tommy guns, anything that could fire was pressed into service. The New Year was getting a welcome that couldn't be beat.

The officers? They were good sports about it, and from the direction of their tents streams of tracers splitting the sky testified that they were joining in the celebration.

Sure, it was a waste of ammunition, strictly against the rules, but the next day the powers-that-be maintained a discreet silence. After all, men don't get a chance to blow off steam very often over here, and besides—who started it all, anyway?

—Cpl. RALPH L. BOYCE

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U.S. Air Warning Net in China Stymies Once Potent Nip Air Forces

CHINA—Suddenly, the receiver crackles forth: "Noise of many engines over area ——, section ——." Warning signals are posted and radio men of the central base anxiously await further reports from other stations in the same area. The far distant outpost men of the China Air Warning system are on the ball.

Not once, since the Army Air Forces relieved the AVGs, have the Japs been able to unload over a major center of Free China.

Practically living the life of hermits, the outpost men stay at their lonely stations weeks on end. They do their own cooking and laundry, are out of touch with the rest of the forces except when the finance officer or supply truck pays them an occasional visit.

Their posts are real hot spots. All of them lie close to the enemy lines or near emergency fields that are often the target of Nip bombers.

Strafing and bombing are old stories to these guys of the warning net. On one occasion, while the Japs were raiding one of the jumping off spots of the Ferry Command, the operator stayed at his post and gave the rest of the circuit a play-by-play account of the whole procedure. His post was right in the middle of the most heavily bombed area.

Twenty-four hours a day they operate out of shaky temples, mountain caves and ancient, tumbledown mansions. Theirs is the job of keeping fighter squadrons from being surprised on the ground, and Jap airmen away from unprotected Chinese cities.

This is a sample of their work. The bomber group of the China Air Task Force had moved into an advance base and was lambasting Jap-held ports, cities and airfields in South China. Swallowing their fear of the shark-nosed fighters, the Japs sent over a night bombing mission to put the Americans out of commission.

Big four of the China Air Task Force: L. to r., Lt. Col. Morgan, Gen. Chennault, Col. Scott and Lt. Col. Basye.

A little after midnight, the net came on the air with "Unidentified planes heading northwest over section ——, area ——." A little later, another station gave out with "Three unidentified multi-motor planes heading west." It wasn't hard to figure out their destination.

The Yanks had plenty of time to get as high as they wanted, and the fighter alert crew took off and went upstairs.

The Japs played it foxy. Departing from their usual procedure, they came in low at about 1,500 feet to unload. They got their eggs away, doing no damage except to the dirt runways. They started for home but didn't have what it takes.

Down came the fighters of the alert crew. There was a target apiece. Maj. Hal Pike dumped the first one just away from the field. Shortly afterward, Lt. Joseph Griffin's victim lit up the sky as he crashed in flames. Lt. John Lombard had the third victim in his sights and was pouring round after round into him when his own plane was hit and he had to bail out, leaving the fleeing Jap to go his way.

Now the warning net went into reverse action. They trailed that homeward-bound Nip out of the area and almost into occupied territory. Finally one station reported him overhead; the next one in line saw neither hide nor hair of him.

Days later, Chinese found the wreckage on a hillside. Lt. Lombard hadn't missed after all.

—Sgt. JOHN P. BARNES
YANK Staff Correspondent

New Tunes for the Buglers or How to Blow A Blue Plate

BERMUDA—The present chow call, "Come and Get Your Chow, Boys," is no good. It doesn't say enough. Buglers should play different tunes for every meal. Then if you didn't feel like eating what was being served, you could just roll over on your bunk and sleep it out.

Say you're in your tent around 4:45 P.M., and you hear "O Sole Mio." "Spaghetti," you say to yourself; "to hell with it." And you lie back and sleep.

Suppose at the next meal, the bugler plays "Cow-Cow Boogie." Ah! Steak! Or maybe he plays "Chicka-Chicka Boom-Chick." Good; we're having chicken.

At noontime the bugler plays "Christmas Night in Harlem." Solid pork chops! At breakfast, you hear "Der Fuehrer's Face." Ah, nuts! SOS. You go back to sleep.

Later on, "You're in the Army Now." Slum, the Army special. Perhaps they're dishing up Spam. The bugler plays "Hit the Road," and you don't blame him. Hot dogs or Vienna sausages you'd know by "Git Along Little Doggie."

A medley for each meal could describe the menu in detail. For instance: "This Little Piggy Went to Market," "All Alone" and "Pffftttzzz." Bacon, onions and beans.

—Cpl. WILLIAM PENE du BOIS
YANK Bermuda Correspondent

Marine Saga on Guadalcanal; Japs Ain't Supermen, They're Dopes

ON GUADALCANAL—The marine, stripped to the waist, was cleaning his '03 with a brush. A couple of other guys lay under the shelter half reading a month-old newspaper account of action on Guadalcanal.

Over the rim of the hill, the rest of the squad was manning a .30-caliber light, covering the defilade below. Along the ridge to the right, our positions ran down to the beach. Now and then somebody would pop off with a rifle and the spat of it would come up to us across the draw. To the left of us, on even higher ground, was our left flank.

"Whistling Willie," the Jap mortar that fires 'em end over end, had been dropping a few around but now he must have knocked off for lunch. In front of our left flank the artillery tossed a couple of shells but otherwise the front was quiet. For the moment, we sat in the sun and batted the breeze.

"These Japs," said the marine, "they ain't so hot. We've been fightin' 'em for quite a while and I don't see where they're so damn good."

He didn't know it, but he was saying exactly the same thing his regimental commander back at the cool CP had said a couple of days before. The colonel had said, "The Japs are good fighters, but they're poor soldiers. They're stupid."

The marine said, "Them Japs is dopes.

"Tell you what they did the other day, the day we had the big rain. The boys on the ridge down there were out takin' a shower in the rain. The Japs saw 'em and here they came chargin' up the hill. We just mowed 'em down. Them Japs didn't think we had sense enough to keep our guns manned.

"You know," he went on, "they talk about the Japs being so smart and all. Sometimes they're just crazy. There was that time they tried to get at the field across Lunga Ridge. They came out in the open to cut our wire and then charged up right in front of our guns, singin' like hell and yellin'. We mowed down nine or 10 waves of 'em—cut 'em down until there wasn't any more Japs left to try it. We counted more'n 400 bodies. You can call that 'suicidal' or whatever you want, but I say them Japs was plain nuts."

He talked about something that happened not so long ago. It had given all the marines a horselaugh, it was such outright stupidity.

"We were out on a patrol and came across a bunch of Japs filling their canteens. We hit 'em before they could even look up. And—by hell, the very next day another patrol caught some more of 'em at the same place. The same thing happened all over again.

"They get all messed up sometimes, too—same as anybody else." The marine pointed over to the Jap positions and grinned at a bearded squad leader who'd joined in. "Remember that time they were supposed to bomb us and drop supplies for their own men? We saw this Jap plane come over his own lines and just bomb hell out of 'em and then here he came over us. We were in our fox holes and pretty soon we heard something go, 'Thruump!' Some of the boys went out and found a big bag of rice."

The colonel's outfit had been fighting in the Solomons almost from the beginning and he and his men don't believe the Japs to be supermen.

"It's like this," the marine said, "they're no pushovers any way you take it, but we found out they got weaknesses same as anybody else and we know we can whip 'em. And they know we know it."

Back at the CP, the colonel had told a story.

"I said a Jap would die before he'd surrender, and most of them will—but there was one who pulled a trick we'll never forget.

"It was over on the Matanikau when we were doing some pretty stiff fighting. All of a sudden, this Nip got up right in front of everybody and started walking toward our side. We didn't shoot him and they didn't shoot him, and we'll never know why. Anyway, he got over to us and gave himself up and we asked him what the hell possessed him to do a thing like that.

"He said he was thirsty."

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

SKETCHES FROM 'CANAL

Two pages of superb action sketches from the Guadalcanal front. Don't miss them. Artist Sgt. Howard Brodie was sniped at while making these drawings.

An Exclusive YANK Feature

One Sergeant the Marines Love, He Saved Their Record (Pay) Books

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — No seagoing marine will ever forget the name of Sgt. Major Ernest D. Villegas, late of the aircraft carrier *Yorktown*.

He was a marine of the old school, and wore service ribbons like a rainbow. Belleau Wood, Nicaragua Expedition, China Seas—he'd seen them all.

But what Marines remember and bless him for was the job he did when the *Yorktown* took the count.

Sgt. Villegas just had time to grab a few treasured belongings and make it overboard after the "abandon ship" order—but he didn't take a thing of his own. All he took over the side with him were the boys' record books. That meant pay for the men of the Marine detachment from the *Yorktown* wherever they might scatter to, instead of payless months of waiting while new books were created and records checked.

—Sgt. ROBERT N. BLUM, USMCR

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New Problems for Ground Crews: Bird Nests in the Air Intake Scoops

A U. S. HEAVY BOMBER BASE IN INDIA [By Cable] — S/Sgt. Keith Sedgwick, Sgt. Mack Combs, Cpl. Everet Malick and the other ground crewmen at this base, have been around. They left the States over a year ago. En route they stopped in Australia and assembled P-40s and dive bombers for U. S. combat crews in the South Pacific. They sweated six weeks converting crated wings, motors, props and a thousand other parts into planes that could stack up against Jap Zeros.

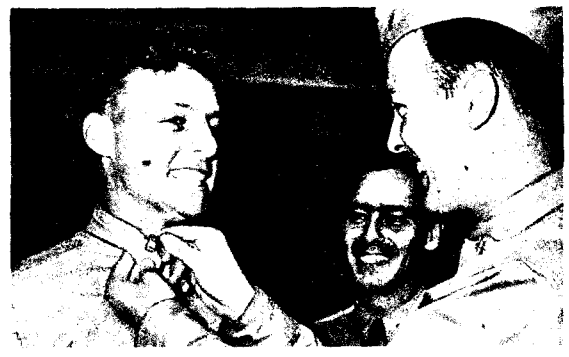
The armorers assembled guns for each plane and synchronized those in the dive bombers. Working around the clock on three eight-hour shifts, they set up planes that helped turn the balance of power in that area back to the Allies.

Arriving in India just before Burma fell Sedgwick, Combs and their buddies teamed up with combat crews and moved forward. The heat was on literally and figuratively, for they worked endless hours in temperatures soaring to 130 degrees to keep bombers in shape for their missions.

With the coming of of the monsoons, the bombings ceased. But just about that time, Rommel's Afrika Korps cracked the Eighth Army in the Middle East and moved toward Alexandria. The AMs, armorers and other ground crewmen were ordered to Palestine on the double.

Liberators and Flying Fortresses were sent in for relief duty with German troop concentrations and Axis shipping in the Mediterranean as targets. That meant plenty of work for the ground crews, changing engines, tuning radio transmitters, synchronizing turret guns, loading bombs and fueling planes. Sometimes they got all of two hours sleep a night.

Coming back to India from the Middle East in the late Autumn, the boys are still in there pitching. Sedgwick, from Gann Valley, South Dakota, and Combs from St. Petersburg, Fla., are the aviation mechanics. Senior noncom is S/Sgt. Lester Gates, of San Francisco, bomb-sight maintenance man. Malick, 20-year-old corporal from Yoocun, Tex., is the armorer. Radio maintenance man is Cpl. Stanley Hade, of Newell, South Dakota. The instrument specialist is S/Sgt. Edward J. Momahon, of Kansas City, Mo.



2nd Lt. W. McGuigan grins as 2nd Lt. J. Mahoney pins on bar. Both were in first OCS class in Australia.

The approaching hot season in India bothers Sedgwick and the crew more than the Japs or Germans did.

"Last summer the intensive heat raised hell with us AMs in making engine run-ups for regulation check on props, supercharger, fuel and oil pressure," Sedgwick said. "Sitting in the cockpit with the motors running was like taking a Turkish bath. It was even worse working down in the nose. From 11 A.M. on the outside of the plane actually sizzled, and the wings were so hot you could fry eggs on them."

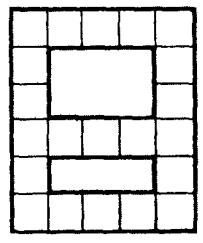
"Sand storms were plenty bad, too," Combs added. "Sand got into the engines, wearing out the cylinders and pistons and making the engines use more oil. Back in the States we got 300 hours on engines between overhauls. But because of the heat over here, we get far less."

"The payoff over here wasn't the heat," Sedgwick said. "It was the birds that used to build their nests in the air intake scoops of heavy bombers and P-40s almost over night. Several cases of reduced power in P-40s were traced to bird nests on top of the carburetor screens at the rear of the intake scoops. That's when we made dust proof covers for the scoops which kept out both the dust and the birds. We weren't taking any chances on a nest being forced into the supercharger and chewing up the buckets on the turbines.'

"One thing about being a ground crew man in India," Combs said. "You get all the repair jobs in the book. When we leave here we can really claim we've seen everything."

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

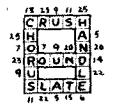
TEE-TOTAL



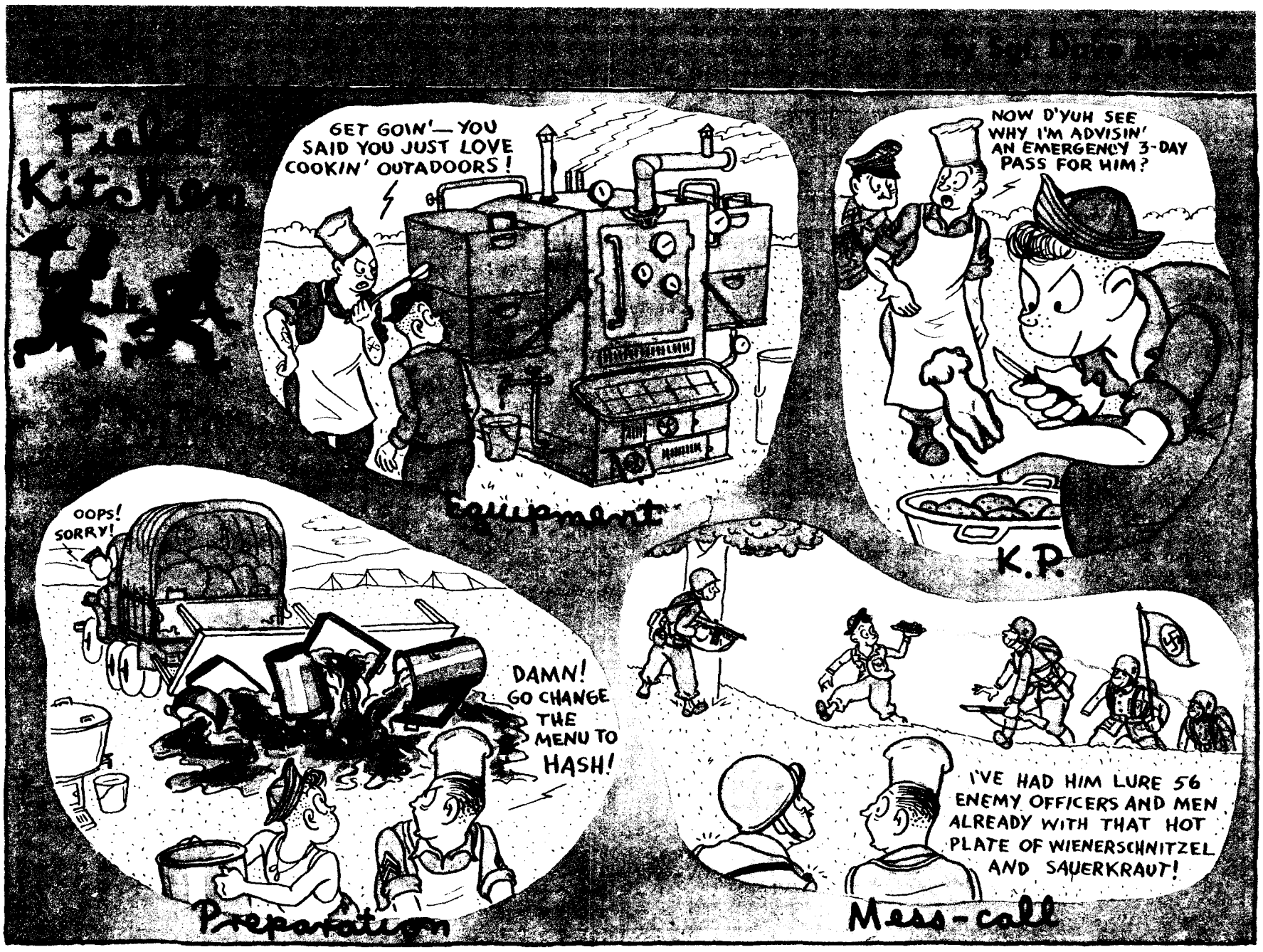
LETTER VALUES

A — 5	N — 20
B — 4	O — 7
C — 13	P — 1
D — 14	Q — 10
E — 6	R — 23
F — 16	S — 11
G — 24	T — 15
H — 25	U — 9
I — 8	V — 3
J — 17	W — 26
K — 12	X — 18
L — 22	Y — 2
M — 21	Z — 19

Here's how to play Tee-Total: Each letter of the alphabet has been given a number value. You are to fill the diagram with words, using the highest value letters as often as possible. The object of the game is to see by how much you can beat the par score of 301 given in the diagram at the left. Your score is determined by adding together the separate values of all the 21 letters in your diagram.



Send your score to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. All solutions to puzzles printed in domestic edition must be received within a month of day of publication of YANK. Puzzle Kits will be sent by YANK to the G.I.s who make the highest score in each contest. Highest score will be published with names of senders.



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What's Your Problem?

Dear YANK:
I resigned a Civil Service position to enlist in the Army and my resignation was accepted without prejudice. Is the Government required to give me a year's employment when the war is over? The reason for my resignation states "Personal," and my position was a permanent appointment.

—Pvt. THOMAS J. O'BRIEN Jr.
Pope Field, N. C.

As yours was a "permanent appointment" you will be restored to your former post, or position of like seniority, status and pay, provided: 1) When the war is over you receive an honorable discharge. 2) That you are still qualified to perform the duties of your former position. 3) That you make application for reemployment within 40 days after you are relieved from active military duty. These provisions do not apply to civil servants with only a "war service appointment," that is, those the Government employed after May 1, 1940.

Dear YANK:
Using form 1040A will I be able to make any deduction for the 10 months I spent as an enlisted man or must I pay for the entire year at the rate of a commissioned officer? Also, must I include the $250 uniform allowance as part of my income for the year?

Chatham, Mass. —2nd Lt. GEORGE JUBRIAS

Inasmuch as your status at the end of the taxable year determines your tax status, you are not eligible for the married enlisted man's $300 exclusion, or any enlisted man's deductions. The answer to your second question is yes. The uniform allowance is deemed a part of your income and is thus taxable.

Dear YANK:
In your magazine dated Jan. 12 there was an article about a new Greek battalion. Being of Greek descent myself and in the armed service of the U. S., I'd like to know more about it. Is it possible for me to get a transfer into this new unit or is it only for those who aren't already in service? I speak Greek fairly well and have spent three and one half years of my childhood in Athens.

Lubbock, Tex. —Cpl. GEORGOPOULOS

Nothing prevents a Greek national already in the Army from applying for membership in the new battalion, as personnel will be selected from Greeks in the service and those about to be inducted. The War Department specified the battalion would be composed entirely of Greek nationals (those who have taken out first papers or who are about to do so). Therefore you may not be eligible for membership if you are an American citizen, especially as only one battalion has been authorized, and membership will be limited to 1,000 men. However, nothing prevents you from applying, and the fact that you speak the language and have lived in Greece may influence the War Department in granting a waiver in your case.

Dear YANK:
I have just finished reading your column *Strictly G.I.*, Nov. 27, concerning the college training program sponsored by the Army. I fulfill all the necessary requirements and would like to know where I can apply for appointment.

—Pvt. LOUIS P. SCHWARTZ
Brooklyn Army Base, N. Y.

Ask the sergeant major at the personnel office at Brooklyn Army Base if you may fill out an application form for the Army's specialized training course. The application form will be forwarded to your commanding officer for approval and then to the officer at the university in charge of the particular branch of technical training for which you have applied. If your application is accepted you will be assigned for duty there.

Dear YANK:
My mother and father live in Syria, and I have been receiving mail from them very often. They ask me for money because they need it badly. I used to send them money before I was drafted but now that I am in the Army I am not allowed to. I asked my company commander to make an allotment from my pay but he said it couldn't be done. Please tell me whether I can make an allotment or not.

—Pvt. JIMMY HAGGAR
Camp Carrabelle, Fla.

Providing your parents are not residing in an enemy country, or in territory under axis control and are not enemy aliens, a class E allotment is acceptable.

Dear YANK:
I have two income tax problems for you: 1) Do I pay tax on "Fogey pay" (commission on pay for years of service). 2) Do I get 1/6 credit of dependent born Nov. 8, 1942 on tax form 1040A, or approximately $64.16?

—CLAIR R. YAW, WOJG
Westover Field, Mass.

1) Yes, you must pay a tax on "Fogey pay." The added 5 per cent you receive for each three years of service is properly classifiable as taxable income. 2) No. On form 1040A you would get no credit or exemption for a dependent born after July 1, 1942. On the regular form, 1040, however, which provides credit for dependents born any time in 1942, your child would entitle you to two months' credit, or $58.33.

Dear YANK:
How will the income tax credit for men in the armed forces be figured for those who drew more pay while in the Army than they did as civilians during 1942?

Fort Hayes, Ohio —RALPH D. DAVIS, WOJG

The fact that you drew more pay while in the Army than you did when you were a civilian doesn't affect your income tax credit. It is computed on the basis of your gross income for the year 1942.

Dear YANK:
There has been quite a discussion going on in my outfit, so we have decided to appeal to you for help. It seems that the 16th Brigade was decorated in the World War I. Our outfit, the 16th Signal Service Company, is supposedly the remnants of the Brigade. The question is to find out if we are entitled to any decoration now. Could you furnish us either with this information, or the place to secure it?

—Cpl. P. T. IRWIN
Fort Geo. G. Meade, Md.

Your post headquarters should be able to give you this information. Ask them if the 16th Signal Service

Company is still one of the units of the 16th Brigade. If you are told your company has been redesignated, and no longer a unit of the 16th Brigade, you have no claim on the first World War decoration. If post headquarters have no records on the company's history, write to The Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.

Dear YANK:
Can you tell me if there is an organization for soldiers in our armed forces of this war similar to the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars?

Camp Carson, Colo. —Pvt. WALT RINEHART

No ex-servicemen's clubs have been organized yet, but nothing prevents you from joining the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The VFW will take in members now, providing they have had foreign service. To join the American Legion you have to wait until after the war, unless you have been given a medical discharge and been released from the Army.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Schloss *Ramey* *Sommers*

Capt. Charles L. Schloss, of Minneapolis, Minn., now with the Air Force in Egypt, to his brother 2nd Lt. Don Schloss, Camp Wallace, Tex.: "Good luck, Don, and keep 'em falling." . . . **S/Sgt. Jack Ramey,** Hq. and Hq. Co., APO 860 c/o PM, N. Y., to his three cousins, the Moores, somewhere in the Pacific: "How about dropping this isolated soldier a line?" . . . **Maj. Norval I. Sommers,** with the Air Force in Egypt, to his family and friends in Oklahoma City: "Best regards to all of you. We're hard at work and in good health."

Strasburg *Counts* *Bruno*

T/Sgt. Jerome W. Strasburg, of Cudahy, Wis., with the Army Air Force in Egypt, to Pfc. Laverne Trieloff in Australia: "Hi, Wop." . . . **Pfc. Tommy J. Counts,** of Monkton, Md., stationed in Egypt, to his brother, Pvt. Pete Counts, somewhere in England: "Still thinking about writing you that letter." . . . **Pfc. John Bruno,** of Long Island, N. Y., in the Air Force in Egypt, to Cpl. Bill Candera, somewhere with the Leathernecks: "Write, Bill, and tell me where you're stationed. I don't wish you were here."

Zudekoff *Jackson* *Arbers*

Seaman Barney Zudekoff, Charlie Barnett's trumpeter, now in the Coast Guards at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., to a fellow bandsman, Pvt. Sid Fields, somewhere in the Pacific: "It looks like you cats are hep to the Japs. Keep sending 'em out of this world." . . . **Pvt. John Jackson,** of Euclid, Ohio, now with the Air Force in the Middle East, to Pvt. Edward Pibernik, somewhere in the Army: "If the gang's all there, give them my regards and tell them to write." . . . **Pfc. Louis Arbers** at Mitchel Field, N. Y., to T/Sgt. George Sleicher in England: "Cheerio, ol' boy. Howya like my mug?"

Chavez *Gmyrek* *Greenky*

Pfc. Joe Chavez, of Los Angeles, Calif., now with the Air Force in Egypt, to his brother Sgt. Sal Chavez at Mather Field, Calif.: "Best regards, Sal, and may 1943 have a better ending." . . . **Pfc. Stanley Gmyrek,** of Millers Falls, Mass., now in the Air Force in Egypt, to his brother, Sgt. Alfred Gmyrek, a medic at Camp Robinson, Ark.: "Hope to hear from you, Al. Write soon." . . . **Cpl. Lewis Greenky,** from New York City, now a radio operator at Mitchel Field, N. Y., to Sgt. Al Bronson, somewhere in the Pacific: "Pop would like to hear from you. Bring home Geisha girls for souvenirs."

"**Bob Ahearn,** I will meet you in the cocktail lounge of the MacArthur Hotel just off MacArthur Boulevard and Brooklyn Avenue in downtown Tokyo." Signed: **Lt. Martin J. Rosenkranz,** Co. B, OCS, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo. . . . **Faris B. Davison** (Moonlight Murphy), 415 Signal Avn. Co., APO 929, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., wants letters from his brothers in the States, **Pvt. Robert** and **Sgt. Vance Davison.** They haven't written to "Moonlight" for five months. . . . **Pvt. R. S. Garces** has lost track of **Pvt. Joe D. Jaimez.** If anyone can help Garces, write him at Co. D, 4th Inf., APO 942, c/o PM, Seattle, Wash. . . . "**T/Sgt. William B. Tapp** and **S/Sgt. Morton Ricks,** I would like to hear from you. I sent a letter but no answer yet. I'm doing okay here, so are the centipedes—ouch!" Signed: **Pfc. John A. Litwin,** 35th Fighter Control Sqdn., 35th Fighter Group, APO, 929, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif. . . . "**Cpl. Edward J. Zauner,** I hear you are in Australia. How are the girls treating you—specifically?" Signed: **Pfc. Steve Poytinger,** Co. H, 378th Inf., APO 95, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. . . . "**S/Sgt. Jerome A. Lillo,** sorry you haven't been getting my mail. Write me when you get a chance. I just got promoted." Signed: **Cpl. Clifford L. Lillo,** 800 Sig. Trng. Regt., Co. L, Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . **Cpl. Thomas Quintana,** Co. A, 326th Qm. Bn., APO 853, c/o PM, N. Y., is anxious to get in touch with **Pfc. Louis Acaron Buitrago** and **Ismael Negro** or **Ismael Rivera,** known as Isadoro and believed to be somewhere in the Pacific or Caribbean area. . . . **Pfc. Ralph F. Gleaton,** USMC, Glider Base, VML, 711 Eagle Mt. Lake, Fort Worth, Tex., wants to get in touch with **Seymore Owens,** now commissioned but once his top kick at CMTC, Fort Moutrie, S. C. . . . To **2nd Lt. Miles C. Van Natta,** last heard of in Hawaii with a Signal Corps unit: "Hi, Van, and smooth sailing," from **S/Sgt. Leonard A. Richards,** 21st Spec. Serv. Unit, Fort Riley, Kans. . . . **Pvt. Robert E. Wood,** Co. E, 129th Inf., APO 37, c/o PM., San Francisco, Calif., wants to communicate with **Charles Murphy** of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Please send Wood your complete address.

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Ready to STRIKE

Casablanca has set war stage for a big push into Germany; three-way attack threatens Hitler's fortified Axis.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT told the Pacific War Council it had been "pretty well settled" where we are going to strike at Hitler's European fortress this year. If ever a war stage was set for action, this is it.

Three main fronts shape as probable scenes of British-American action during 1943.

First front of importance appears to be Tunisia. This was advertised by the historic meeting at Casablanca. Here it is the Allies' job to knock out the 130,000 German troops concentrated along a 200-mile coastal strip between the Allied forces in north and west Tunisia and the British Eighth Army coming in from Tripolitania.

This is not easy. The Axis forces are well equipped and strongly fortified; they have short supply lines from Italy, Sardinia and Sicily. However, the Allies hold the trump cards. Their planes have the edge over the *Luftwaffe*. The few Axis ports on the Tunisian coast—Tunis, Sousse, Sfax, Gabes, Bizerte—are within easy reach of Allied airdromes, have been bombed repeatedly.

The submarine which is such a headache to the Allies in the Atlantic, boomerangs in the Mediterranean. British submarines have been sinking Axis shipping right and left. London reports half of Italy's merchant shipping has been sunk.

Three Main Avenues Into Europe

With German troops out of North Africa, the way would be opened to the soft underside of Hitler's empire. Here three main avenues lead into Europe: through southern France, Italy and the Balkans. First job of the Allies would be to take Sardinia and Sicily. These islands are valuable stepping stones for attack on Italy or the coast of southern France. Their capture would also insure the control of the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Suez.

That Hitler expects such a Mediterranean thrust is shown by the construction of heavy German fortifications well back of the invasion area. They run from the Spanish border across northern Italy to Fiume, southeastward along the Sava Valley, to strongly defended Salonika.

Hitler, by this move, gives every indication that he plans to sacrifice Italy, Greece and southwestern Yugoslavia if necessary.

That Mussolini has a good case of the jitters is shown by the recent shake-up in the Italian cabinet. This was no routine change of personnel. The men Mussolini replaced were the pillars of the Fascist party in Italy. Reports emanating from Switzerland indicate that they were against Mussolini's plans to bolster the home front. It is no secret that peace feelers have been put out by inside circles in Rome. It is equally well known that the Fascist leaders, with the exception of Mussolini, were against Hitler's war. Mussolini's "one-man war" has got them all on the spot.

A third front is based in England. The greatest concentration of unused manpower and war materials in the world is on the British Isles. These men and weapons will go into action this year. With spring the traditional season for offensives, time for that action is just around the corner.

As the map shows, these offensives may be aimed at France, Holland, Belgium or Norway. Specific time and place will depend on what happens in North Africa and the submarine war.

Germany has strong fortifications along the west coast of France from the Low countries to the Spanish border where the Pyrenees offer natural defense. On the north, there are outlying fortifications in Norway to protect Germany's relatively weak Baltic front.

But recent events have shown these coastal fortifications to be as useless as was the Maginot Line. Allied airmen have been making the biggest raids of the war into the heart of Germany and Italy at will. In a single day Germany, Italy and France were hit all at once in one of the most spectacular raids ever carried out. Only three planes were lost in this attack on a 550-mile front.

Turin, center of Italy's automobile and submarine industry, and Spezia, chief Italian naval base, were heavily pounded. The U-boat base at Lorient in France, and the industrial Ruhr Valley in Germany were smashed.

Germany Lacks Men and Sea Power

The Nazis probably know their real defense lies in mobile reserves. But here they are licked. Crying problem in Germany is lack of manpower. Terrific German casualties on the Russian front have weakened the German Army. Transportation is in a sorry mess due to the Allied air concentration on locomotives and freight carriers.

That Allied landings could be threatened by German naval forces is improbable. One of the main reasons why invasion of England would have been so dangerous for the Third Reich was the weakness of the German fleet and the superiority of the British Navy.

On the eastern front, two courses of action are open: reinforcement of one or both of the Russian flanks. A drive can come down from the north Finland-Murmansk region against the German Baltic flank, or from the Mediterranean-Middle East sector against the German Balkan flank.

Although the Russians were within 125 miles of the old Polish border, reports from London state the Germans are heavily entrenched. Extensive fortifications, constituting an "Eastwall," have been built from Riga, through Poland and the treacherous Pripet marshes, along the Carpathians, to the impregnable "Iron Gate" of the Danube Valley.

Importance of Turkey and Spain

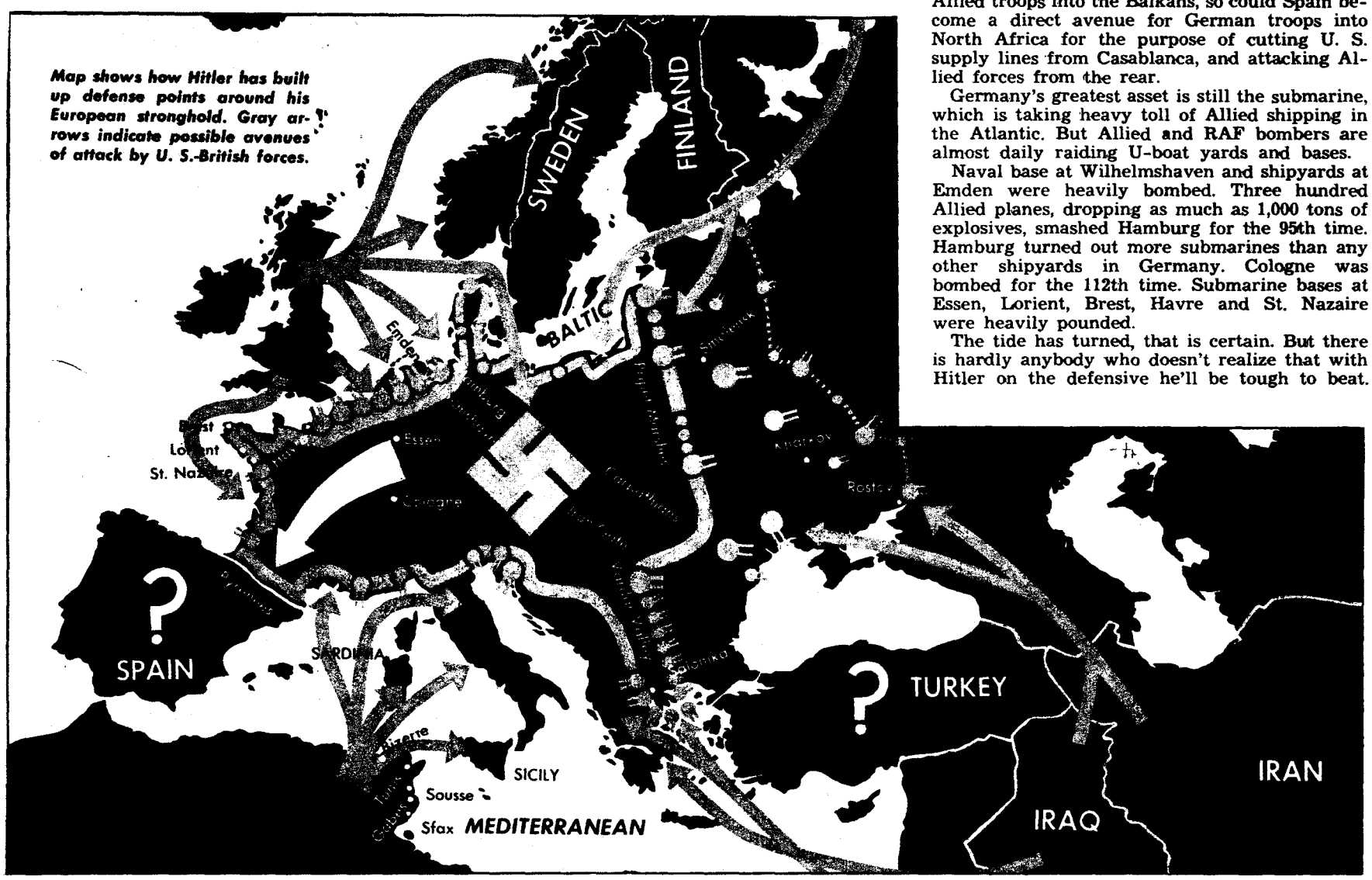
Two big question marks in the European theater of war are Turkey and Spain. With Iraq declaring war on the Axis, and Iran occupied by British and Russian troops, Prime Minister Churchill's talks with President Inonu of Turkey take on great significance. What Turkey intends to do is not yet known.

As Turkey could become a direct avenue for Allied troops into the Balkans, so could Spain become a direct avenue for German troops into North Africa for the purpose of cutting U. S. supply lines from Casablanca, and attacking Allied forces from the rear.

Germany's greatest asset is still the submarine, which is taking heavy toll of Allied shipping in the Atlantic. But Allied and RAF bombers are almost daily raiding U-boat yards and bases.

Naval base at Wilhelmshaven and shipyards at Emden were heavily bombed. Three hundred Allied planes, dropping as much as 1,000 tons of explosives, smashed Hamburg for the 95th time. Hamburg turned out more submarines than any other shipyards in Germany. Cologne was bombed for the 112th time. Submarine bases at Essen, Lorient, Brest, Havre and St. Nazaire were heavily pounded.

The tide has turned, that is certain. But there is hardly anybody who doesn't realize that with Hitler on the defensive he'll be tough to beat.



Map shows how Hitler has built up defense points around his European stronghold. Gray arrows indicate possible avenues of attack by U. S.-British forces.

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SO YOU WANT TO BE A 1st Sgt.

Paper Work by 1st Sgt. CLYDE P. WILEMON, Fort Thomas, Ky.

G.I. Murals by S/Sgt. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

". . . In general I'm supposed to act like a soldier's father."

So you want to be a first sergeant? Brother, you don't know when you're well off! All you do is get up at a reasonable hour, do a reasonable day's work, and take off at a reasonable hour, with not a care on your mind until the next day. But listen to my story. . . .

After a good night's sleep from midnight to 5 in the morning, broken only by a two-hour siege when I had to walk the floor with our yelling baby, I walk a mile in the bitter cold to get to the post just as you fellows are waking up. I sit behind my desk, staring at the pile of papers and the work I have to do, wondering where to begin, when reveille sounds. Once again I go out into the cold, to freeze while I watch you boys at least keep your blood flowing with exercises. Once every few days, just to keep from freezing solid, I make nasty speeches to you, which, I find, get me so heated up that my circulation works its way back up to normal in spite of the cold.

Then back in my cozy warm office I make out my morning report of who's present, missing, on convoys, passes, detached service, or just plain AWOL. This intricate report is a warm-up exercise for my real work of the day.

After you all go to work, I walk through your barracks, making a preliminary inspection before the CO comes around. I do all the final straightening up—yes, me, and not your good fairy; I line up your shoes under the beds, wipe a window or two, smooth out wrinkles on the bunks, sweep the floor here and there, and do a few other minor chores.

Back again in the office, where I handle these three items throughout the day: 1) I answer all company correspondence, which as you know is mostly a tangle of legal phrases and peculiar abbreviations; 2) I keep the records straight of all the men in my company which isn't easy work in a large company; and 3) I look at all the work piled up before me and wonder whether to start, or just to take it all home for use in the bathroom.

"I look at all the work piled up and wonder at which end to start."

Eleven o'clock is first sergeant's call, when all of us top sergeants air our complaints to each other (they're the same ones every day) and to listen to the sergeant major outline our work for the next day.

By 12 o'clock I've smoked my fourth cigar down to its bitter end, and I watch you hungry wolves make a break for the mess hall. I rescue anyone who trips and keep you from being crushed to death on the way to chow. Then I go home to chow (or lunch, as my wife jokingly calls it). I find that she's going shopping, and won't I please mind the baby till she gets back.

I put together a ham-and-cheese sandwich, which I eat while rocking the baby, and which I can't enjoy because the kid looks at me as if he's starving for a healthy bite. Finally my wife returns, and I go back to the post, arriving just in time to walk through your barracks and wake up all you fellows who are oversleeping on your lunch hour.

My afternoons are spent much the same as my mornings, only worse. At 3 o'clock I take all the new men in the company out to the drill field to try to teach them to become soldiers. If, at the end of an hour, they learn right and left face, I feel that I've accomplished a full day's work.

Back to the grind at 4 o'clock, when begins a steady stream of men into my office, all signing up for overnight passes, three-day passes, furloughs and other legal methods of staying away from the post. The stream slows down by 5 o'clock—after about every man in the company has been in—at which time I'm due at the Message Center at Headquarters to empty my mail box. Back to the office again, to clear up odds and ends, and to take one final look at the pile of work on my desk, and to tell myself, "Tomorrow, Sarge, you'll clean this all up." And then, feeling tired and hungry and somewhat disgusted with my day, I'm off to home, usually arriving at 6:30 P.M.

"Just to keep from freezing solid, I make nasty speeches to you."

That's all I do, fellows, not counting the many duties (including frequent KPs) my wife and son dig up for me every day. In case you are still convinced that you want to be a first sergeant, listen to some of the questions I'm called upon to answer:

1) One of my men misplaced his electric razor and yelled that he had been robbed. I found it in the washroom—where he used it last.

2) Three soldiers made a high-pressure three-way trade on their overnight passes, and in some mysterious way one of them was left out in the cold without a pass. So he complains.

3), 4), etc., and so on, indefinitely: Solve domestic, personal and financial problems, and in general, act like a soldier's father. I must know when to build a man up with a pat on the back, or when to bawl him out; when to talk sympathetically, when to adopt a man-to-man attitude. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool psychologist, even though I never had the stuff in school.

Yep, that's all I do. Do you still want my job? Sorry, bud, you couldn't pry my first sergeant's stripes away from me with a pair of bars.

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

Trained jungle fighters will find this week's General Mixup a pushover. The names of 10 animals have been scrambled below. See if you can smoke them out of their lairs.

Example: RUM TASK unscrambled yields MUSKRAT.

1. RECOIL, DOC!
2. SIP A POP, MOUTH!
3. HEN PLATE
4. FIG FARE
5. PALE ROD
6. MOO, PUSS
7. GROAN, OAK!
8. HORN CRIES, O!
9. LAG, TAILOR
10. HARP NET

Solution on page 22.

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

Known gamblers are automatically classified as vagrants in Birmingham's drive against gambling and vice. Burglars ripped open the safe and a storeroom at the Ritz Theater in Birmingham, got nothing. J. Reese Murray, 55, referee in federal bankruptcy court in Birmingham, committed suicide. Rules of Alabama's new Alcoholic Beverage Control Board forbid sale of liquor in places where dancing, music or dim lights are allowed. Alabama's prison population has dropped from 7,700 to 5,400. The Fifth Avenue underpass is undergoing a $70,000 renovation job. A new airplane modification plant in Birmingham will cost $13,700,000. Christian K. Kelly, 67, was slain with a hatchet in the Benton Bros. dry cleaning plant in Birmingham.

ARIZONA

Thurston M. Thames, 70, ran amok at Franklin Village, killed Mrs. Stella M. Crust, Thomas J. Harris and Mrs. Thomas J. Harris. Celora Stoddard, former Republican candidate for Governor, died at Phoenix. After legislators heard charges that horse meat was being sold as beef in Maricopa County, a butcher posted this sign in the window of his Phoenix store: "Our beef positively has never worn saddles." Japs evacuated to the Gila River War Relocation Center produced $287,238 worth of vegetables the last four months of 1942.

CALIFORNIA

Paul C. Smith, former general manager of the San Francisco Chronicle, who resigned a lieutenant commander's post to become a Marine private, was named outstanding young man of 1942 by the National Junior Chamber of Commerce. Fire caused $25,000 damage at the Redwood Empire Academy in Santa Rosa. Dr. Donald Bertrand Tressider, president of Yosemite Park and Curry Co., was named head of Stanford University. A $3,500 heating plant renovation at San Francisco's zoo brought relief to shivering animals. The East Bay Park Board in San Francisco will buy 2,500 acres for new East Bay parks.

COLORADO

Colorado had sub-zero temperatures, a blizzard, a chinook, then mid-forty temperature readings—all in a week. Secretary of State Walter Morrison joined the Marines. The $308,000 school contract for the Japanese relocation center at Granada will be rescinded, the high school built, the elementary school not. A steer named Columbian Hellspopper, owned by Walter Wilson, won grand prize at the Denver Stock Show. Four men trapped in the Argo Tunnel at Idaho Springs set off a blast which tapped an underground lake, drowned them. Stockmen again demanded more Colorado big game be killed off, to make room for cows and sheep. The Rio Grande Railroad laid 17,000 feet of track in thousand-foot sections in Moffat Tunnel without disrupting traffic.

A dress show modelled for and by Army Nurses. These outfits, to be issued soon, are (left to right): general purpose dress, field uniform, sub-zero dress, trench coat for rough weather, a seersucker dress for overseas hospitals, and a uniform for U. S. hospitals.

FLORIDA

Mrs. Dwight G. Paul, Palm Beach socialite, sought $30,000 damages from Mrs. Helen Webster Carey, New York, for allegedly telling mutual friends that Mrs. Paul was a Nazi spy. Harry Hart Holden, 18, self-styled conscientious objector, was nabbed by the FBI when he left his draft refuge in Collier County's swamps. The FSA brought 137 Mississippi Negro farm workers to Sanford to relieve a labor shortage in the celery farm area. Jacksonville's traffic deaths jumped from 36 in 1941 to 42 in 1942. William C. Vedder killed himself at Miami. Police Chief W. R. Hoban of North Miami was exonerated by city council of charges he misused his office in a recent election.

GEORGIA

Confusion followed the legislature's order that the state change from Eastern war time to Central war time; railroads, busses, planes operated on Eastern time. Atlanta neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Ellison were relieved when told strange lights in the Ellison yard only meant the Ellisons were planting their victory garden at night. Citizens of the Buckhead territory will vote on annexation to Atlanta. Atlanta expects a 1,000,000 population within an eight-mile radius after the war. Georgia cattle now are stamped "U. S. choice beef." Georgia's new board of regents began college reforms. Jack Forrester resigned as state revenue commissioner, refusing to carry out economies ordered by Gov. Arnall. Deaths: Ernest Neal, 93, poet, at Atlanta; Owen A. McDermed, 65, former mayor, at Gainesville.

IDAHO

Duncan M. Johnston, former mayor of Twin Falls, serving life for murder, was denied a pardon. A pig auctioned at a Homedale War Bond dance escaped, was found days later on a farm miles away. Snow is uncommonly deep in Idaho mountains. The House passed a bill repealing the $40-a-month "Ham and Eggs" act initiated last November. The Senate approved a bill that would permit Idaho soldiers home on furlough to fish and hunt without licenses. A methodical bandit placed a "Closed for the Night" sign on the door of the Stork Club on Main Street in Boise, tied up two waitresses, robbed the till.

ILLINOIS

At Springfield, the legislature considered setting aside funds for bonuses for service men after the war; maximum payment would be $300. Bandits took $20,000, mostly in jewels, from William J. Cummings, Continental Bank president; Franklin Bliss Snyder, president of Northwestern University, and Rolly M. Cain, of Abbott Laboratories, in a holdup at Chicago. To Mr. and Mrs. Chester Miller, of Silvis, were born twins, their 18th and 19th children. Police believed Estelle Margaret Carey, 34-year-old model and dice girl, was murdered to keep her from revealing the hiding place of $1,000,000 secreted by Chicago gangsters.

INDIANA

The Marion Handle and Box Co., oldest manufacturing concern in Indianapolis, had a $100,000 fire. Indianapolis has two women motor coach operators, Mrs. Wilma Lair and Mrs. Jeanne Finnegan. South Bend has women meter readers. Tobacco sales at Madison totalled $51,473 for 126,038 pounds and at New Albany $12,766 for 34,038 pounds. Charles and Bobby Field, 12 and 10, drowned at Winchester after they fell through ice on White River. Mrs. Beatrice Dowling, Akron, shot at her husband in a poker game, killed Robert Hoffman. Deaths: Edwin P. Thayer, secretary of the U. S. Senate for 10 years, at Indianapolis; John W. Rhoades, pioneer basketball coach and harness horse trainer, at Shelbyville; Solomon Wineinger, 94, Jackson County's last Civil War veteran; the Rt. Rev. Peter J. Killian, founder of Holy Name Catholic parish, at Beech Grove.

IOWA

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Doolittle was burned to death and 12 patients were rescued when fire destroyed Iowa Sanitarium at Nevada. Oscar Heline, Marcus, was reelected president of the Iowa Farmers' Grain Dealers. Capt. Jesse H. Clift of the Cedar Rapids police force joined the Navy. Fire destroyed the Ashton hatchery at West Liberty, the Meggenberg building at Manchester, and the Beebe clothing store at Emmetsburg. At Cherokee, Robert W. Perrin, charged with slaying his mother, was sentenced to the ward for criminally insane at Anamosa Reformatory.

KENTUCKY

The Ashland High School held its first mid-year graduation; many students are entering the armed service. School Superintendent James A. Cawood, charged the Wallins High School fire in Harlan County was intentional. G. W. Combs lost $1,000 of meat in a smokehouse fire near Hopkinsville. No coal miner shortage exists in Eastern Kentucky, said Sam Caddy, president of United Mine Workers' District 30.

LOUISIANA

The Commercial Bank and Trust Co. at Covington declared a 100 per cent dividend. Jules Krauss was named president of the Hobo Volunteer Fire Co. at Lafayette. At Bogalusa, the Washington-St. Tammany Charity Hospital, built with state funds, was opened. Shreveport's chapter of the Sons of Pericles, Greek-American youth organization, folded; 95 per cent of its members are in the armed forces. New Orleans city officials raised green fees, asked the pulic whether it wanted two municipal golf courses, now almost abandoned, to remain open.

MAINE

Extension of the deer season for two weeks was proposed to relieve the meat shortage. Sylvanus Rice Knowlton, owner of the Exchange Hotel in Farmington, died. Bowdoin College's service flag has 1,024 stars. Miss Doris B. Litchfield was named supervisor of York County's Herd Improvement Association. Irving H. Lohnes was elected president of Lewiston's Chamber of Commerce.

MARYLAND

Washington College, Chestertown, went on a six-day week. St. John's College, Annapolis, will accept boys with two years of high school, cut its course to three years. Baltimore police raided the Elks' Club, seized slot machines. Mrs. Helen A. B. Randle, socialite, was charged at Annapolis with slaying Allen Wiley, 17, after a quarrel with Wiley and her husband. J. Walter Banks, Wicomico County constable; George Edward Dryden, Pocomoke City truck farmer; Charles Carl Dryden, Snow Hill, and Samuel Chesser, tavernkeeper, were sentenced to 20 months, fined $10,000 each for operating stills on the Eastern Shore.

MASSACHUSETTS

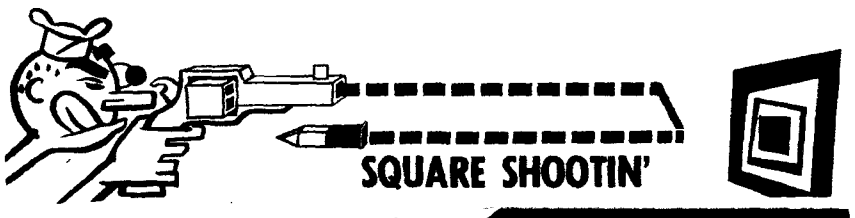
At Revere, the Veterans of Foreign Wars asked the OPA to issue special food ration coupons to service men on leave, so their families won't suffer. Taunton Elks initiated 18 candidates. The mayor's salary at Gloucester was raised from $1,800 to $3,500 a year. Falmouth High School girls were trained in fire department work. Holy Cross at Worcester canceled formal graduation this year, to save transportation. At Hardwick, the farm home of Charles J. Krasnecky was destroyed by fire. Horses replaced horsepower to haul Springfield cabs. The Rev. George P. O'Connor, 62, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church and chaplain of the 301st Field Artillery in the first World War, died at Dedham.

MINNESOTA

A Duluth grand jury was summoned by County Attorney Thomas J. Naylor to investigate St. Louis County's government. Glenn Blanchard, 15, Roosevelt High School ski jumper, was unconscious two days after a spill. Friends prevented a fist fight between County Commissioner W. W. (Pudge) Heffelfinger, one-time football star, and Rep. Thomas O'Malley, who boxed under the name of "Kid O'Malley." The legislature increased unemployment benefit payments from a maximum of 16 weeks to 18 weeks.

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi's 1942 anti-sedition act was upheld by the State Supreme Court in a decision sustaining the conviction of three members of Jehovah's Witnesses. The town of Coldwater has been moved, bag and baggage, one mile up Highway 51 to avoid inundation by the Arkabutla flood control dam. At Meridian, Dr. K. O. Stingily was named president of the



SQUARE SHOOTIN'

This diagram contains the names of a number of items of importance in a military offensive. Begin in any square and try to trace a word by moving in a continuous line, always to some adjoining square, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. Don't use any square more than once in forming a single word.

Example: SHELL can be spelled out at the lower right-hand corner of the diagram.

Shoot for a score of 15. At least that many military weapons, etc. can be spelled out.

G	C	E	Y	T	O
F	L	R	S	O	R
I	U	I	D	E	P
B	R	M	N	T	L
T	O	A	B	O	L
A	L	P	Y	U	E
R	N	K	I	H	S

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....
7. .....
8. .....
9. .....
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11. .....
12. .....
13. .....
14. .....
15. .....

(Solution on page 22.)

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This is what the police found when they answered an alarm from a Los Angeles (Calif.) jewelry store. The thieves got away with $75,000 in money and gems, and hog-tied five store employees, one bystander.

Lauderdale County Medical Association. The state owns 906 autos, a survey revealed. In Clarke County Clarence Ainsworth, 81 years old, died while charged with selling prospective draftees a concoction to prevent them from passing Army physicals. Mrs. Myrtia Reynolds Booth, 48, Kosciusko civic leader, died.

MISSOURI

The St. Louis Art Museum paid $85,000 for a Holbein portrait. Ministers and justices of the peace opposed a bill to allow notaries public to perform marriage ceremonies. Scrap salvage diggers failed to find a 70-ton ferris-wheel axle reported buried in Forest Park after the 1904 World's Fair. Artist Thomas Hart Benton declined to remove Tom Pendergast, Kansas City political boss, from a state capitol mural, asked if legislators also wanted Jesse James struck out.

MONTANA

The Beaverhead County jail at Dillon was vacant for the first time in five years. One hundred and 97 Montana women have enlisted in the WAACs. J. C. Ryan was elected president of the Butte Country Club. Charles W. Francis, 83, pioneer settler in the Big Hole, died at Wisdom. At Helena, George Niewoehner, White Sulphur Springs attorney, claimed the state attorney general's office because he got 134 write-in votes in November, though no election was held for the office.

NEBRASKA

A building engineers' strike against the Brandeis Investment Co. reduced heat in 21 Omaha buildings for two days. Sgt. Arthur Rupp and Miss Alberta Henderson were killed near Omaha when a cattle truck struck their car. Msgr. Augustine Colaneri, 68 years a priest, died; he had been chancellor to every Omaha bishop since the diocese was founded. Blood tests before issuance of marriage licenses was proposed in the legislature at Lincoln. State draft officials said 74,000 Nebraskans are now in armed service.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Henry F. Berry defeated Tom Kirby for alderman at Manchester. Mrs. Hedwick Cameron, 33, became a railroad crossing tender at Manchester. At Londonderry, Wesley Adams, ex-president of the State Senate, was killed by a truck. Deaths: Judge Henry A. (Plupy) Shute, 86, author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," at Exeter; A. Y. Pearl, once a partner of "Death Valley Scotty," at Rochester; Prof. William L. Murray, at Hanover. A bill was proposed at Concord to set aside one-half the state's liquor revenues for a post-war bonus for service men.

NEW JERSEY

At Jersey City, Charles J. Wilson, chief of detectives, was appointed police chief. The FBI swept Atlantic County for aliens with contraband. The entire police force at Northvale resigned when denied salary increases. Englewood Hospital restricted the maternity ward to visiting fathers as a "wartime measure."

NEW YORK

Charges against Lackawanna's City Auditor W. Jerome Magee were dropped; he will resign. John Grosvenor Thorndike, 22-year-old socialite, shot himself in New York. Fire caused $20,000 damage to the Kennedy Bros. clothing store in Lockport. Three Yonkers firemen were killed in a fire on Warburton Avenue. Buffalo's Bell Aircraft Corp. sought a $60,000,000 loan for expansion. New York City school children were given a nine-day holiday because of the fuel shortage. Mrs. George L. Cooke, 59, wife of Monticello's county judge, died. Joseph Compono, 14, committed suicide in Brooklyn after he had failed of promotion in school. E. E. Conroy was named to head the FBI New York office, succeeding P. E. Foxworth, killed in a plane crash. Deaths: Harold C. Urband, district manager of the Grange League Federation cooperative, at Ithaca; Robert B. Carson, mayor, at Lancaster.

NEW MEXICO

Dr. M. K. Wylder is new chairman af the State Board of Public Health. Bean growers are to receive AAA benefits of $20 for every acre used to produce crops over 90 per cent of 1943 food production goals. The legislature began investigation of eight state departments. The Albuquerque Gas and Electric Co. was ordered by the State Public Service Commission to cut consumer rates by $200,000 a year.

NORTH CAROLINA

Dr. M. E. Hoffman, Asheville, was elected potentate of Oasis Shrine Temple. John B. Hackney of Charleston, S. C., became scout executive for Mecklenburg Council. H. A. Marks was named president of the Carolinas Farm Equipment Dealers' Association at Charlotte. Myers Park Baptist Church and St. George's Greek Orthodox Church were organized at Charlotte. Howard Snow was elected president of the Charlotte Shippers and Manufacturers Association. Charlotte councilmen refused to alter Sunday movie hours. Charlotte's oldest auto service station, at South Tryon and First Streets, closed. Charles F. Tomlinson, 71, furniture manufacturer, died at High Point.

OHIO

A bill was proposed in the legislature at Columbus to give each Ohio service man under the rank of captcin a bonus of $10 a month for each month's service after October, 1940, the total not to exceed $300. At Cincinnati, a man arrested by the FBI was listed as Bedford Forrest Hughes, 44, but the FBI said he had more than 100 aliases. Mrs. Alice Hille, whose husband, police sergeant Carl Hille, died in an explosion at the Hodge Drive-It-Yourself Co. garage in Cincinnati, filed suit for $75,000 against the company and the Hamilton County Eureka Oil Co. William Murray, Mt. Auburn, became president of the Ohio Valley Druggists Association. David Drennan became temporary fire chief at Marietta. Gallia County tobacco sales, now ended, were estimated at 500,000 pounds, selling for $250,000. A $75,000 fire swept the Sandusky Masonic Temple. Cincinnati deaths: Joe Choynski, last of the bare-knuckle boxers, who fought Sullivan, Corbett and Jeffries; J. F. Hartlieb, former Continental Can Co. president.

PENNSYLVANIA

John J. Britt, Philadelphia Ward Republican committeeman, admitted voting for himself 368 times, got a 60-day jail sentence. At Norristown, Mrs. Jimmy Foxx filed for divorce from her baseball-star husband. A trolley strike in Reading was postponed pending further parleys. Muhlenburg College, Allentown, smashed its 76-year tradition, added a woman, Dr. Bertha Paulsen, to its faculty. Five children of Mr. and Mrs. Herndon S. Neiman were burned to death when fire razed their farm home near Lewiston. Philadelphia deaths: Judson C. Burns, radio Sunday School teacher; Robert J. French, sports editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The Columbia Record will move to 805-811 Gervais street. Frederick H. McDonald, industrial engineer, suggested at Charleston portable communities in portable houses to solve housing problems. The Ben Tillman School opened to serve the area just north of Charleston. Sen. Maybank said South Carolina has more spindle hours in the cotton mill industry than any other state. Dr. Edgar Z. Pence of Greenville was reelected president of the Lutheran Synod. E. M. Duncan of Pickens County won first prize for South Carolina in a cotton improvement contest sponsored by Clemson College; he raised 7,505 pounds of lint on five acres.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Fire destroyed the Quinn School dormitory. At Pierre, a bill was proposed to raise the old age pension maximum from $30 to $40 a month. At Sioux Falls, Mrs. T. S. Norton, Red Cross leader, won the Cosmopolitan Club's distinguished service medal, and the Junior Chamber presented a distinguished service key to Ralph Roberts. Sioux Falls' new police chief is Fred J. Searls, succeeding J. W. Galvin, who became Mayor Whitfield's secretary. The body of Mrs. Francis N. Orvedahl was found in a tourist cabin near Sioux Falls. Muskrat valued at $45,000 was taken in Day County during the 30-day season.

TENNESSEE

The Senate passed Gov. Cooper's poll tax repeal bill, 22-10. The FBI announced 145 persons have been convicted on vice charges in Middle Tennessee since the May Act was applied in the Camp Forrest area. The State Court of Appeals upheld dismissal of Ely Mincey from the Knoxville police department for intoxication. The court of appeals affirmed dismissal of Knox County's suit to compel former trustee Theron Wilson to account for $78,000 in fees he collected. Maynard Baird was reelected president of Knoxville's Central Labor Union. At Nashville, 300 Vanderbilt University students protested allegedly radical ideas advanced during Religious Emphasis Week.

TEXAS

Five members of the Carey Wagley family at Crockett died in a kerosene explosion. At Tyler, Alton Blalock's gasoline truck was struck by lightning; the bolt was grounded by a static chain. Houston's Fat Stock Show and Rodeo opened with $28,500 in prizes posted. Orville LaFour, 34-year-old white man, was sentenced to life at Houston for the rape of an 8-year-old Negro girl. Alfred Jones, editor of the Enterprise, died at Beaumont. Palentine's M. A. Davey, oil man, paid $5,000 for 250 acres of famed dogwood trails, made a park of them. Texas University regents elected Judge J. H. Bickett, Jr. of Dallas chairman. Mrs. Lottie Bemus of Houston was charged with the murder of her husband, Dewey S. Bemus, 43, commercial fisherman.

VIRGINIA

Ice caused $100,000 damage to Richmond trees, some on Capitol Square; the West End section was left without electricity after a tree fell on a power line. A state-wide drive on vice began. The Virginia Fair Association scheduled a fair to begin Sept. 26 on Strawberry Hill in Richmond. Travel on state highways declined 35 per cent. Harry Johnson, 26, was sentenced to life for killing Johnnie Zeheb in a Richmond robbery. Richmond will end its fiscal year with a $1,000,000 surplus.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee churches using fuel oil now group all gatherings on Sunday. The state ruled bingo winnings are taxable. Grade and high school kids in Milwaukee began raising chickens to aid the meat situation. Two Racine draft board officials, Jerome Christiansen Sr. and Ervin D. Coling, were charged with violating the Selective Service Act. At Milwaukee, 24 German-born persons faced denaturalization proceedings in a clean-up of alleged Nazi sympathizers.

WASHINGTON

Heavy snow broke the Bremerton skating arena at Seattle. Anti-freeze manufacturers were charged with selling a salt-filled solution which ruined many cars. Cathryn Sites and Lloyd Johnson drowned after breaking through ice at Arboretum while skating. Mrs. Dollie Marth and her year-old daughter perished at Centralia when their home burned. The Windsor apartments at Everett were destroyed by fire. The legislature at Olympia approved $3,000,000 for old age pensions. Boeing's employee list at Seattle is now 43 per cent female. Seattle deaths: Charles Dana Knight, 94, Masonic leader; Mrs. Amelia Manion, 103, Seattle and Port Angeles pioneer; Father Curtis Joseph Sharp, former dean of men at Seattle College, and Mrs. Edna Westro, Seattle school nurse.

MAIN STREET

San Francisco, Calif.—In 1889 Alfred J. Fritz sold a friend a typewriter for $20, but didn't get paid. He has just received a check for $71.60, representing the principal and 43 years' interest.

Louisville, Ky. — Eight young boys thought they had the perfect method of avoiding the cops during a dice game, but patrolmen were too smart. The cops testified they caught the boys playing in an empty room which had a sign marked "Ladies" on the door.

New York—Even the sculptors are being hit by the war. The National Sculpture Society couldn't get transportation to bring original busts here for their exhibition of American patriots. Instead, they exhibited photographs.

Dallas, Tex.—Policeman J. Roland Smith delivered his ninth baby in eight years of police work. Said Smith, a bachelor: "After the fourth or fifth time the novelty wears off."

Cheyenne, Wyo. — The wild game problem came home with a bang to the Wyoming Legislature. During one of its sessions, a bear wandered across the State Capitol grounds.

Chicago, Ill. — The woman who breaks an arm or a leg may now choose a cast to match her favorite lipstick. Doctors here have invented a cellulose acetate cast which is also far easier to apply than the plaster type. Cellulose acetate is a plastic used as a basis for rayon textiles and costume jewelry, as well as explosives.

Omaha, Nebr.—Probably the highest paid shore policeman in the Navy is Verne Case of this city. He left 15 children in order to "free a younger man for combat service." His draft board pronounced him 100 percent fit.

Walsenburg, Colo. — The happiest kids in the country were right here this week, and all because a universal joint wore out. The joint was on the school bus, which is now definitely on the shelf. Without the bus, the kids can't get to school.

Chicago, Ill. — Charles Gregory of the University of Chicago law department is a new kind of college professor. When he awakened to find the temperature below zero, he phoned the university and had his 30 students attend class at his home, six blocks away.

Elder Husband

Broken Bow, Okla.—John H. Elder, 83-year-old farmer, was finally wed to 16-year-old Dorothy Lee Chilcote, after several justices of the peace had refused to marry the couple because of the discrepancy in their ages. Announced Elder after the ceremony: "At last I have found my dream girl."

DANNY'S DILEMMA

Pvt. Danny just received a letter from his old boss. The letter reads:

Dear Danny,—Remember, when you left to join the Army we told you that your old job would be waiting for you when you return? Well, that's not all. The board of directors has voted that your salary will start at $1500 a year when you get back.

We also took up the matter of raises in the future. We decided that this salary should carry along with it the promise of a fixed increase to be given at regular intervals.

The B. of D., however, was deadlocked on the choice of which of two policies should be followed in giving these regular increases. So we decided to leave it up to you. Please check your preference on the enclosed slip, which must be in our hands before the end of the week.

Cordially,
J. R. Bimins, Mgr.

And this is what was on the enclosed slip.

Check one
☐ **A RAISE OF $300 EACH YEAR**
☐ **A RAISE OF $75 EVERY SIX MONTHS**

Pvt. Danny is in a dilemma. He has to make his decision quickly; the slip must go back in the next mail. Will you help him by making a wise choice above? Check the one you think amounts to more money.

(Solution on page 22.)

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Command post of a British battery during a Nazi air raid near Bengasi. The pictures on these pages were made by YANK's Sgt. George Aarons.

HEALED. An American Gen. Sherman tank is being taken back to the front, after repairs, by these British soldiers.

DANGER. On the outskirts of El Agheila, British troops uncovered this Axis man trap, and left a warning behind.

A Tank for the 8th Army

OUR RAF [illegible] THE BRITISH [illegible] TRIPOLITANIA

CAPTIVE. U. S. supply men in British outfits use German water tank.

UNITED. In this cemetery at Derna, German, British, Canadian and Italian soldiers lie together.

ALLIES. In an RAF hospital near Bengasi rests U. S. Sgt. Henry Plattner, of Jersey City, N. J.

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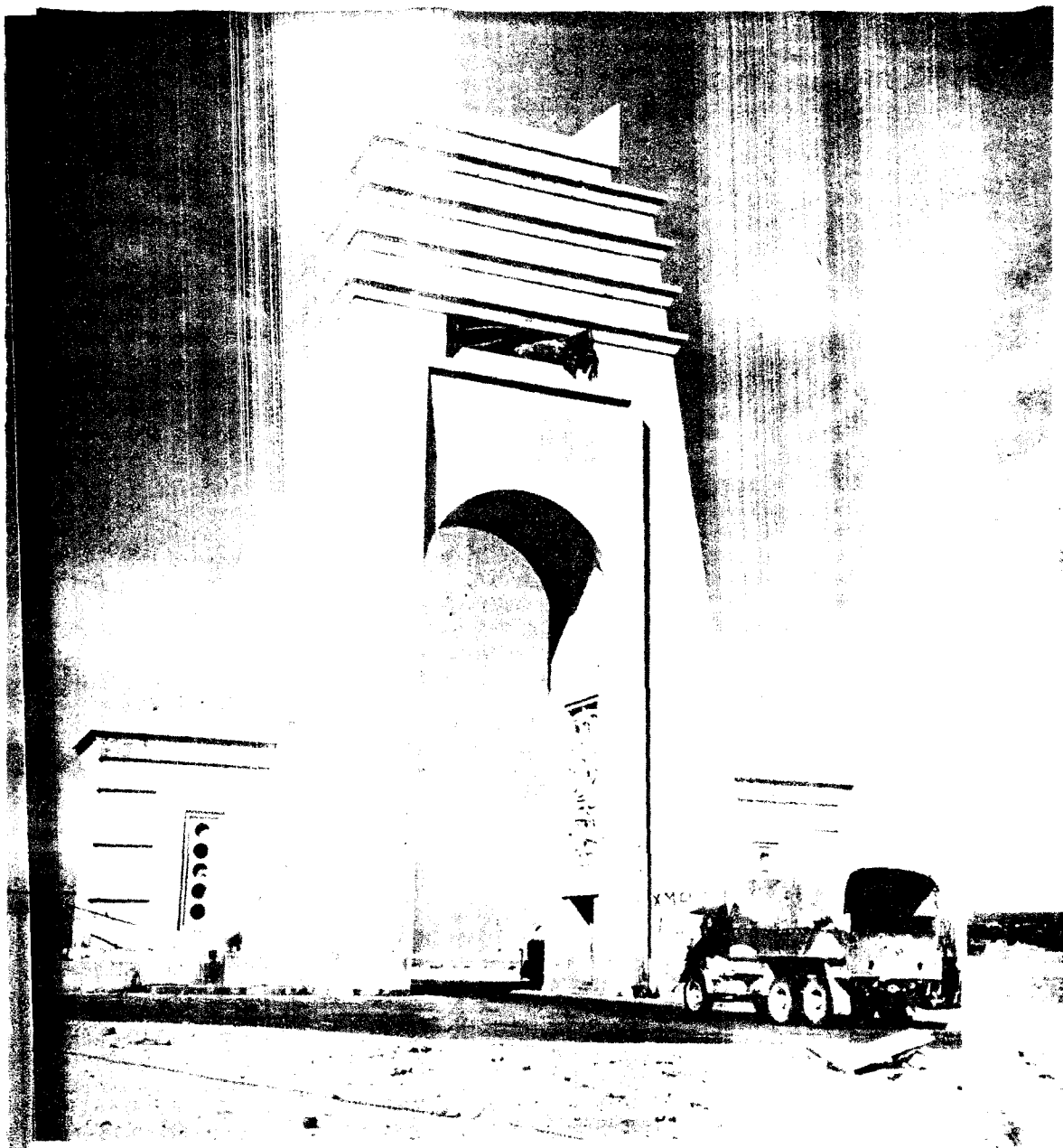

The "Marble Arch," on the border between Libya and Tripolitania, built under Mussolini, and now a gravestone of Italian Empire.

Friendly Libyans of the Senusi sect. The man is wearing parts of discarded Axis uniforms.

GUNS This picture and the two below give some evidence of what the British did to Axis equipment.

TRUCKS A desert dump with more of the wrecks that Rommel left behind as he fled toward Tripoli.

UNHAPPY The face on the wall looks sad about the British soldiers stacking up beer beneath him. A German soldier drew this 12-foot Hitler; the British added a postscript.

PLANES Cows graze on an airfield in front of some skeletons, once part of a boasted Axis air fleet.

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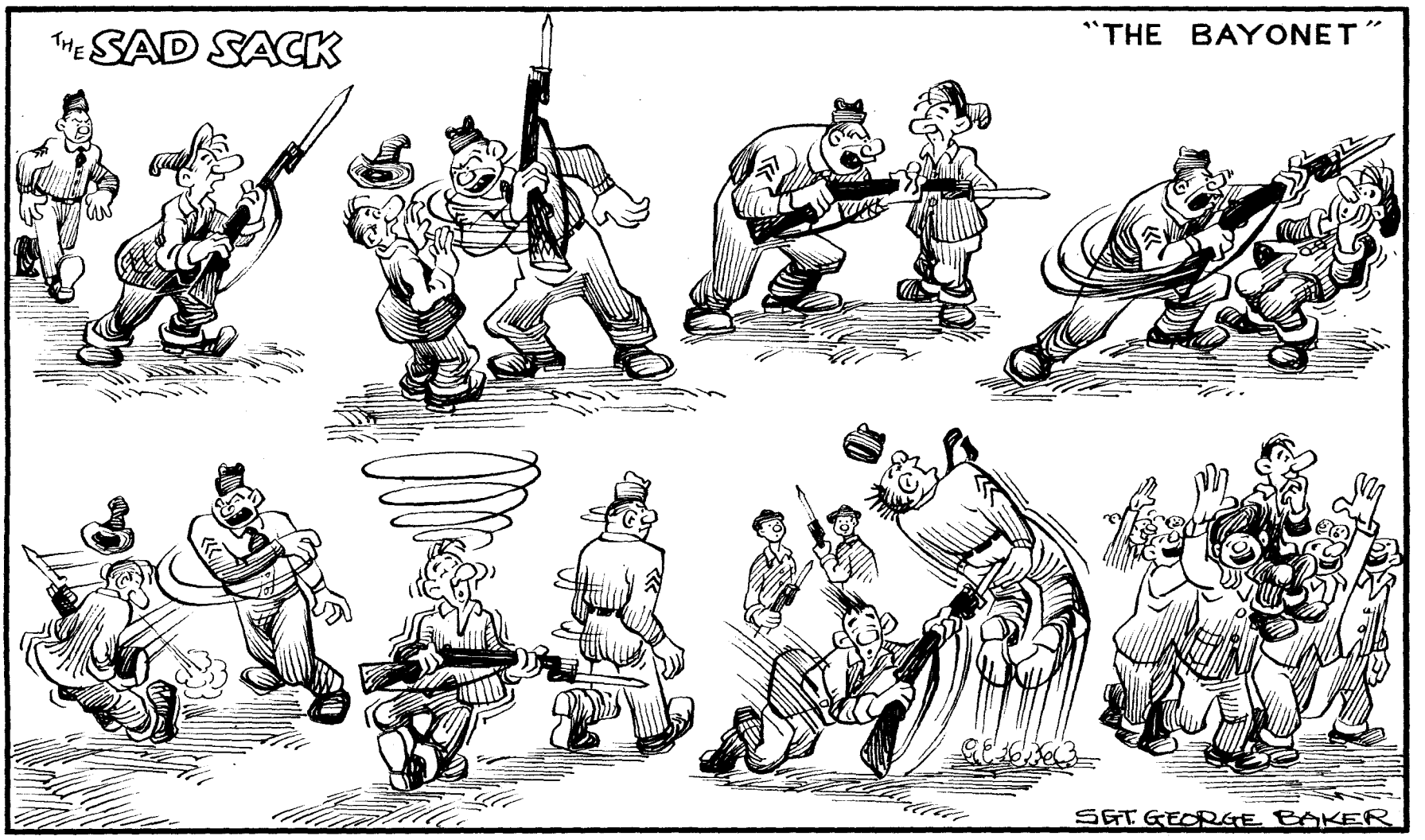


BETWEEN the LINES

HOPELESS' DREAM

EVERYTHING happens to me, Stripeless Murphy, and Little Orphan Annie, but mostly to me because Little Orphan Annie has Daddy Warbucks and I've got only Hopeless McGonigle.

Hopeless is a very queer character. This is why he is called Hopeless. One day we are gamboling on the greensward which is different from gambling on a blanket, when the sergeant what is teaching us how to be soldiers says, "Guys, when yer wants ter fall on yer bellies, ya gotta support yerself wit' yer butts." Whereupon Hopeless says that he ain't built so's he can support his belly with his butt. The sergeant tells him he's hopeless, so ever since then he is.

One night we is rumorniscing in Club La Trine when Hopeless finds out he is eligible for a furlough. The next day he presents himself to the first sergeant. "Master," he says, because this is the kind of a sergeant we got, "I would like a furlough."

The bulb on the end of the sergeant's nose starts making red danger signals, but Hopeless heeds not. "Sergeant," he says, "I am in the Army six months, I am fatigued with details and I am in desperate need of a furlough to spend at home."

"Where at's your home," says the sergeant whose nose has turned back to a normal blue.

"Here," says Hopeless.

"Naw," says the sergeant, "I mean where at you going for your furlough."

"Here," says Hopeless.

The sergeant's nose is beginning to get red again. "You can't spend no furlough on the post," he says.

Now Hopeless is been around so many bars he thinks he is a lawyer so he quotes as follows: "Par 2, Sec. 5, Amend. IV, AR 300-0072, signed by Gen. U. S. Grant what ain't never been rescinded says like I repeat, 'Enlisted personnel below the first three grades are entitled to the hospitality of the post at which stationed, concurrent with furloughs, if, due to the emergency of war they have no where else to go.'"

This AR makes the sergeant very unhappy as it is the first time he has to back down. But he gives Hopeless the furlough.

All this happens 11 days ago.

The first day of the furlough Hopeless goes back to the sergeant. "Bub," he says to him (after all he's on a furlough). "Bub," he says, "if you would be so kindly, I would appreciate you awaking me at 10:30 A.M. sharp tomorrow morning."

"Wha-a-a-a-t," screams the sergeant.

"Tut, tut," says Hopeless, "Remember AR 300-0072, signed by, may he rest in peace, Gen. Grant."

"OK," says the sergeant what is got a wild gleam in his eye.

But all this ain't nothing. The next day about 3 P.M. Hopeless wanders into the kitchen of the mess hall and says to the mess sergeant, "I am craving a double thick-cut sirloin steak smothered with two lamb chops, mushrooms and french fried potatoes with coffee royal and ice cream for dessert."

The mess sergeant is going to call the hospital for a laced canvas jacket when Hopeless flashes the furlough, all the time quoting Gen. Grant's AR what ain't never been rescinded. He get's his steak and so forth.

A couple of days later Hopeless proceeds up to the supply sergeant. "Fella," he says, "because the chamber maid service in this place is punk, I got dirty sheets. I do not like dirty sheets. I would appreciate you changing the linen on my bed."

"Ha, ha, ha," says the sergeant, what gives no request more than a three ha rating.

"AR 300-0072," says Hopeless. He gets his sheets changed.

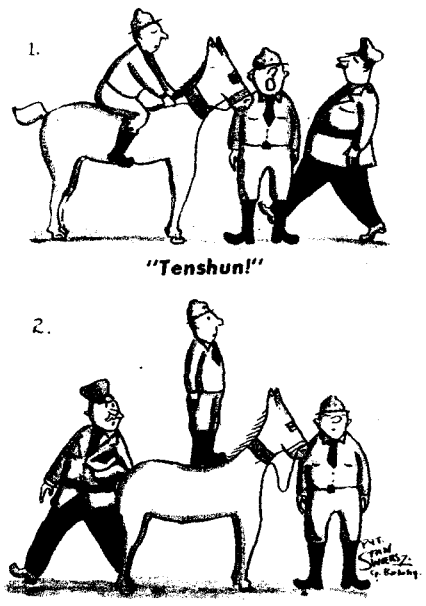
The whole 10 days goes on like this. Hopeless is very overjoyed. He ain't never had no better time since they broadcast his number on the radio. For 10 days he is leading a life like Riley never had if he was in the Army.

But Hopeless' furlough is over yesterday. Things is returned to normal and Hopeless don't feel so good. Especially when the sergeant comes in and hands him a bill for 10 days' room and board with additionals on the American plan.

"What's this," says Hopeless.

"Par. 1, Sec. 3, Amend. V to Par. 2, Sec. 5, Amend IV of AR 300-0072 what ain't never been rescinded either," says the sergeant whose nose has now turned red, white and blue.

—S/Sgt. L. A. BRODSKY
Marianna Army Air Field, Fla.



"Tenshun!"

PRIVATE MULLIGAN

by Cpl. Larry Reynolds

"Let's not crowd. I'll capture all youse Italians if you'll be patient."

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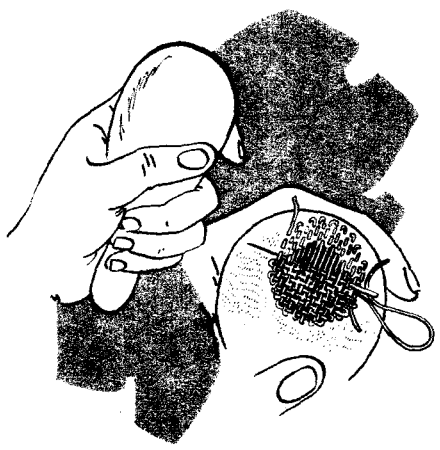
Needle Pointers

NEEDLING is one of the most honorable and popular pastimes among supply sergeants. They have been needling men for years. Now they are going to make it stick. Soon you may expect to be issued needles and thread. You should also be issued a manual entitled: "Operation, Maintenance and Ordnance of the U. S. Army Needle M2," and since none is in the works, we present our own.

This is all part of the Army's new plan to rip the brass buttons and insignia off your overcoat and blouse and throw them into a melting pot to furnish more metal for war production. They will be replaced by nice, dull, olive-drab plastic buttons, and you will do your own replacing with your own needle and thread.

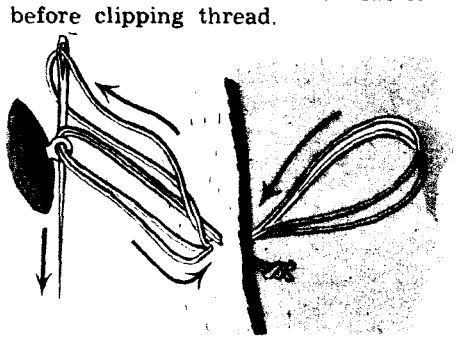
All in all, you will have 20 plastic buttons and two collar insignia—to sew on your overcoat and blouse, 10 buttons on each garment. And while you are learning to sew on buttons you might as well learn to darn socks and patch holes or large tears. We went over to *Good Housekeeping* magazine for a lesson in the art of sewing, and here's the result:

DARNING A HOLE. With sock right side out, insert "egg" (a hand grenade will do just as well) under hole. Trim ragged edges of hole with scissors. Do not knot the thread. The lengthwise threads come first. Leaving a short end free, take a few running stitches far enough from the hole to take in all the worn part. Turn, leaving a small loop at turning. On each succeeding row increase number of stitches so that when you come to the hole you will cover it and also strengthen the worn part. Arrange stitches so that needle

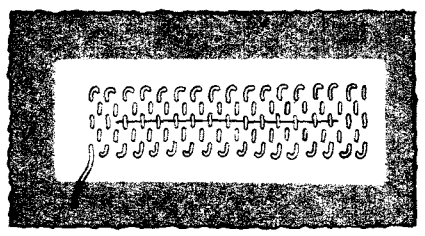


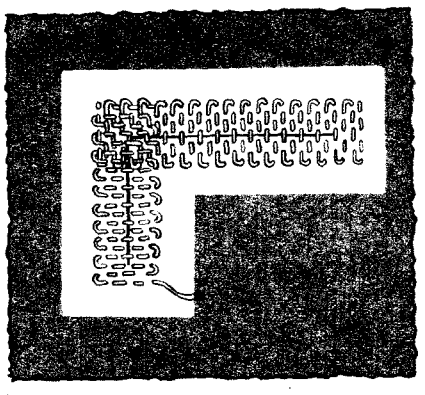
comes out over edges of hole. Decrease length of rows on other side of hole. Cut thread when finished. Then weave stitches in the same manner across the width over and under the foundation stitches already made.

BUTTONS. Double the thread through the needle and put a knot in the end. Insert needle from the outside of the garment and draw through the cloth, catching the shank of the plastic button. Repeat this procedure until the button is secure, then bring thread to the inside. Take several small stitches and run thread between two thicknesses of fabric before clipping thread.



STRAIGHT TEAR. About ¼ inch beyond end of tear and a little to the right bring thread through from wrong side, leaving an end of 6 inches on wrong side. Following the thread of goods, take small running stitches back and forth ¼ inch on each side of tear. Do not darn too tightly but leave a very small loop at each turning. Fit edges of tear together and sew across opening. On one row make the stitch over tear and on next row under. Continue for about ¼ inch beyond end. To finish, catch thread through stitches of last row and clip. Thread needle with thread left hanging at beginning and catch it through stitches of at least one row. Clip closely.





THREE-CORNERED TEAR. Tear is both lengthwise and crosswise. Darn in the same manner as for straight tear. Stitches run at right angles to opening. Begin at one end and darn one side completely. Then begin at other end and darn the other side completely. Stitches at corners thus overlap and are strengthened.

Or just get some gal to do the whole job for you.

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Swing IN WARTIME

Latest reports from the jazz fronts are not encouraging. They indicate quite plainly that the solid blitz of swing which swept U. S. dance floors a few years ago has deteriorated into a feeble withdrawing action in waltz time.

Tommy Dorsey

True, this withdrawal is occasionally punctuated with spirited rhythmic sorties by a remaining handful of the old guard but despite the fact that Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Count Basie and other familiar names are still around to direct vital 8-8 operations, the old sock and drive are gone.

It's no wonder. Almost 15,000 sidemen and a score of name leaders have left ballroom, tavern and theater for parade ground, fox hole and battleship. In a word, jive has gone to war. As Elliott Grennard, celebrated critic of *Billboard*, puts it, "The middle-aged guys left are playing it sweet, which seems to please the middle-aged customers who are buying it."

Les Brown, interviewed recently on "G.I. Jive," YANK's daily shortwave radio show for the AEF, moaned, "I build a potent library. I lose my players. I get new but progressively less efficient players. What happens? I have to build another library to fit the abilities of the new players. If this keeps up, I'll soon be playing c-major scales with drum parts."

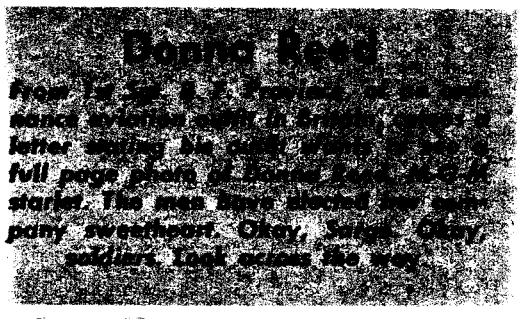
Swing Notes: Grady Watts has joined Sonny Dunham. Together, they used to spark Glen Gray's brass section. . . . Frank Sinatra, former Tommy Dorsey vocalist, is now on his own in a big way, with two important radio spots. One is the "Hit Parade" assignment recently handled by Barry Wood. . . . Helen O'Connell has left the Jimmy Dorsey band to chirp on the Lower Basin Street show at NBC. . . . Petrillo, music czar, still hasn't relaxed his stand against new recordings. . . . Stan Kenton and his band, now in St. Louis, loom as the white hope of jive for 1943. . . . Tex Beneke, who used to scat and ride tenor for Capt. Glenn Miller, joined Horace Heidt recently. He had the job one day. Tex is in the Navy.

Helen O'Connell

Top tune of the day by several furlongs: "There Are Such Things." It's by Stanley Adams, Abel Baer and George Meyer. For you dogface balladeers, here's the lyric to the chorus:

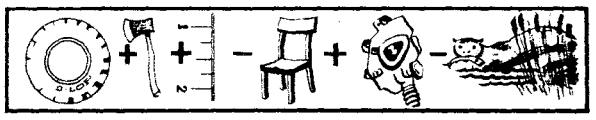
A heart that's true, there are such things.
A dream for two, there are such things.
Someone to whisper, "Darling, you're my guiding star."
Not caring what you own, but just what you are.
A peaceful sky, there are such things.
A rainbow high, where heaven sings.
So have a little faith and trust in what tomorrow brings.
You'll reach a star, because there are such things.

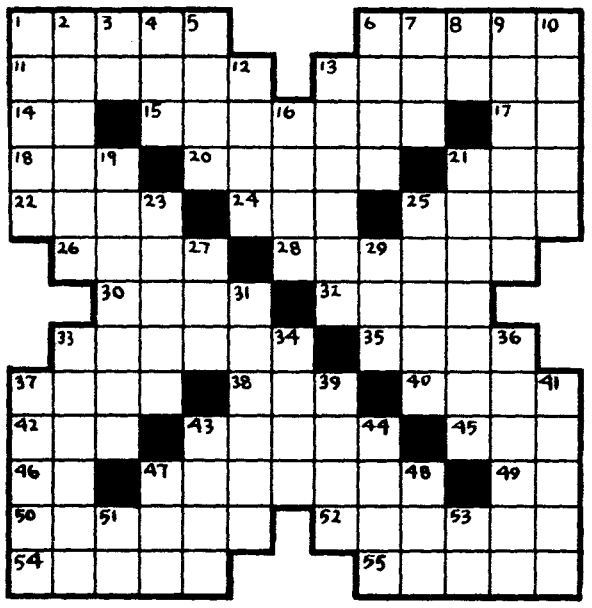
(Copyright 1942, Yankee Music Publishing Corp.)



DOUBLE PUZZLE

First solve the Picture Puzzle below by adding and subtracting the letters which spell the names of the objects. The result will be one of the United States. Fill this into the Cross-Word Puzzle (41 Down), then proceed with the rest.





ACROSS
1. Desert taxi
6. Principal actors.
11. Broad street
13. Unit of light intensity
14. Point of compass
15. Heavily equipped cavalry soldier
17. Japanese measure
18. Single
20. Rub out
21. Lieutenant's insignia
22. Bombs (slang)
24. Incubate
25. Satisfy fully
26. Consumes
28. Edifice for public worship
30. Insert cartridge
32. South American ostrich
33. Having organs of flight
35. Acknowledges
37. Petty officer, U. S. Navy
38. Comrade
40. Scram, cat!
42. Before
43. Wanderer
45. First lady
46. Creditor (abbr.)
47. Breathe
49. Bovine
50. Cherry-like color
52. Photographer's device
54. Well skilled
55. Conjecture

DOWN
1. Indian boat
2. Wreak vengeance
3. Pronoun
4. Finish
5. Entice
6. Footgear
7. Large weight
8. Preposition
9. Turn
10. Breathe noisily while asleep
12. Submarine listening devices (slang)
13. Placard
16. Manner of walking
19. Equality (French)
21. Poise
23. English weight, 14 lbs.
25. Ejects violently
27. Droop
29. Unit of electrical conductance
31. Dethrone
33. Battled
34. Moist
36. Tastes of
37. Holy city of the Moslems
39. Secular
41. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
43. Bird habitation
44. Haul
47. Tear
48. Large Australian bird
51. Again (prefix)
53. Electrical Engineer

(Solution on page 22.)

THE ARMY TAKES HER LIP

BILLIE ROGERS, ace girl-trumpeter on Woody Herman's band, is the only girl tooter on any of the country's otherwise all-male name bands. Christened Zelda Louise Rogers 23 years ago in North Plains, Oreg., Billie is married to a cadet flyer in a California air base, and can be heard each week on the "What's Your War Job" radio program. Has trumpeted in numerous army camps, and rates 100 per cent with the Army.

COMPANY STREET

1st Sgt. W. H. Whittemore of **Bainbridge** (Ga.) Army Air Field met Nazi Marshal Hermann Goering in Sweden in 1931, and even then, said Sgt. Whittemore, "I itched to take a poke at him, he was so repulsive." . . . First Negro OCS in the AAF Technical Training Command opened Jan. 15 at **Jefferson Barracks,** Mo. . . . WAAC yardwren Margaret Bliss Lane, **Fort Des Moines** (Iowa) WAAC Training School, is the daughter of former ambassador to Italy Arthur Bliss Lane; can recite her general orders in Serbian, Italian, Spanish, French, German and English. . . . Pvt. Thomas L. Powers, **Atlantic City** (N. J.) Basic Training Center, can't kick about being drafted. As dean of Columbia University School of Business Administration in 1940, Powers helped write the National Selective Service Act. . . . A Flying Fortress took off with an army doctor and a rare serum from **Sioux Falls** (S. Dak.) Air Base, saved the life of Pvt. Fred Spevacek, stricken in a Pierre (S. Dak.) hospital.

Pvt. Joe Knitzer, a former Philadelphia Orchestra violinist, keeps an $18,000 Guaneri violin in his foot locker at **Camp Shelby,** Miss. His insurance contract requires him to have it in his possession "at all times." . . . Six hundred Rangers graduated from the **Camp Forrest** (Tenn.) Second Army Ranger School. Their purpose: "To fight dirtier, nastier and meaner than any Jap that ever lived." . . . Pvt. West H. Morton, AAF Technical Training School, **Miami Beach,** Fla., comes of fighting stock. His father was an infantry captain under Cordell Hull in the Spanish-American War, his grandfather a three-star Union general in the Civil War. . . . Cadets Willis B. Ryder, Joe Salsburg and Willard Secor, **Bainbridge** (Ga.) Army Air Field, midwifed a stray mongrel found on Secor's bed, delivered three pups, named them Gremlin, Finella, Widget. Mother and pups were reported doing well.

Sgt. John Bartek, AAF, who was rescued with Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker in the South Pacific, plans to become a minister after the war. Said Bartek, "I feel I am a true believer." . . . Dancing dogfaces at a party at **Fort Moultrie,** S. C., discovered paper horns were marked "Made in Japan," were advised by Sgt. Bob Jackson, noncom in charge, to "blow hell out of them, like we're doing to the guys who made them." . . . Pvt. Stephen Peters, **Camp Phillips,** Kans., received a letter from his pal, ex-King Zog of Albania. Wrote Zog: "Not a day passes that an Italian soldier does not die at the hands of an Albanian citizen." . . . Pvt. Albert Schoblen, **Fort Sheridan,** Ill., went to sleep one night with his pants on. The reason: he had $5,000 in cash in his pockets, proceeds from sale of his auto business. "I didn't want to tempt anybody," he explained. . . . Isabel K. Mooney, hostess at **Fort Hamilton,** N. Y., gets hundreds of letters from EM who shipped out, is rated top hostess in the Second Service Command.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SERIAL NO. _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

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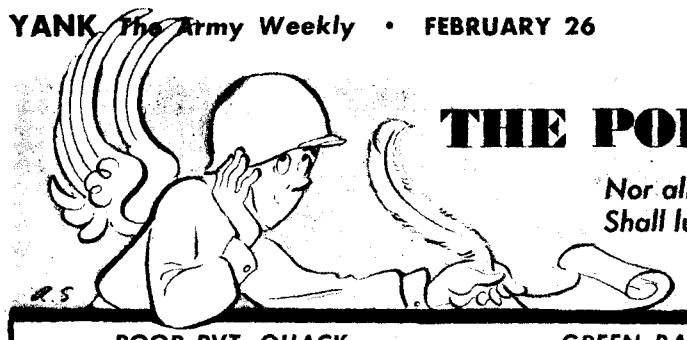


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

POOR PVT. QUACK

God moves in a mysterious way,
But the Army has him beat.
To prove my point we'll take the case
Of Pvt. Joe McTweet.

He joined up with his Uncle Sam,
'Twas just a year ago;
They sent him straight to Scott Field
To study radio.

He started school with Pvt. Quack,
An egocentric lug;
But just two weeks thereafter
Poor Pvt. Quack washed out.

Joe learned his code and theory, too,
And never once held back.
So help him God, he'd not flunk out
Like poor Pfc. Quack.

Four months have passed in this sad tale,
And never does he slack;
He knows now that he will not fail
Like poor Cpl. Quack.

Now Pvt. Joe is out of school,
Degrees he does not lack;
He's thankful that he made the grade
Unlike poor Sgt. Quack.

Pvt. Joe now pounds a key,
In a land where all are black;
While in St. Louis at the USO,
Sits poor Staff Sgt. Quack.

—Pvt. HERBERT A. HANLEY
Australia

GREEN BANANAS

Oh, I picked some green bananas
And I pushed them down the hatch;
Now boys I think I'm dying
Cause my eyes don't even match.
I am sitting by the window
And my sight is getting dim,
Yes I know the end is nearing
'Cause the things about me swim.
So, boys, please lift me gently,
Put a pencil in my hand,
For, I'm gonna write my story,
How I died for Uncle Sam.

—2nd Lt. ELIZABETH ITZEN, ANC
Australia

AT EASE!

There's a sergeant out our way,
Where the dots and dashes play
And the spread antennae hum like bumble bees,
Who, when it's time for class, sir,
He's our own G.I. professor
When he says, and, boys, he *means*,
"By gad, AT EASE!"

"Now, this here's a generator,
That'n there's an oscillator . . ."
"Sarge, at what potential will it bat the breeze?
What's its tonal variation?
How does sun spot infiltration . . ."
The sergeant scowls, he *means*,
"By gad, AT EASE!"

"What equation of resistance?"
Ask the student with insistence,
Punctuating with North Carolina wheeze.
"Haven't you the least propensity
To compute the gaseous density . . ?"
The sergeant booms, "I said,
"By gad, AT EASE!"

"But in gases radioactive
Seen through spectroscopes refractive,
Like we worked on in the physics lab'rat'ries . . ."
"Say, d'ya wanta teach this class?
If ya do, get off yer seat!
Now I said, an' by gad I *mean*,
I said, AT EASE!"

Well, at last the day is done,
And the honey-dripping sun
Is sinking fast behind the gilded trees;
Stand retreat, chow, movie,—bed!
Get my pillow 'neath my head;
I say, and by gad I mean, Sarge,
I'm at ease.

—Cpl. EDWARD M. BERSHTEIN
Casual Det., OCS, Fort Sill, Okla.

THE GUY WITH THE SQUEAKY SHOES

I rather like a good long hike,
But there's one thing gives me the blues:
It's to suddenly find I'm right behind
The guy with the squeaky shoes.

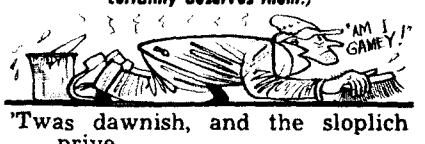
"Fall in, fall out," some noncom'll shout,
And each man follows these cues,
Except,—well, you see, they were drowned out for me
By the guy with the squeaky shoes.

So, I'm bawled out, called a fool and a lout,
Man, I take plenty abuse,
Oh, why must it be I, who is hounded by
The guy with the squeaky shoes.

—Pvt. HY YANOWITZ
Camp Pickett, Va.

KP JABBERWOCKY

(With the usual apologies to Lewis Carroll, who certainly deserves them.)



'Twas dawnish, and the sloplich prive,
Did toil and spicker in the kitch,
A-polixing the fork and knive,
The plate and cup, no matter which.

"Then never goldbrick here, my son,
"And never loaf upon the iob;
"This kitch, it is no place for fun—
"And messy sarges will play hob!"

He took the vorpal mop in hand,
Long time the grimish floor he mopped;
He peeled spuds to beat the band,
'Til on his tiredy back he flopped.

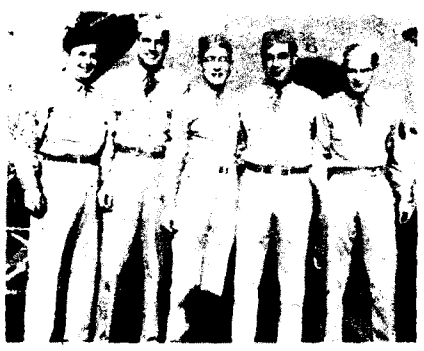
And, as a-goldbricking he lay,
The messy sarge, with eyes of flame,
Came shuffling in to start the day,
A-whistling lightner as he came.

"Well, well! Well, well! What have we here?
"A goldbricker upon his back!"
The messy sarge's face did leer—
He took his gig list from his pack.

"So, hast thou been a bad goldbrick?
"I'll gig thee now, my beamish prive!
"Take up thy mop, now do it quick!
Thou sluggard! Let thee look alive!"

'Tis nightish, and the sloplich prive,
Still toileth longly in the kitch,
Peeling the spud, shining the knive,
Mopping the floor, no matter which!

—Cpl. DICK B. GEHMAN
Fort George G. Meade, Md.



Dear YANK:
What is all this fuss about the youngest master sergeant? For your information and for the information of all the readers of YANK, we have the youngest master sergeant. This baby is M/Sgt. Zevel Berman who joined the Army at 18 years and 4 months, and who through hard work (that's a laugh) and diligent study at Fort Monroe, Va., was promoted to the grade of M/Sgt. on Jan. 15, 1942. At the time of this promotion M/Sgt. Berman was 19 years and 11 days old. He was born Jan. 4, 1923. The other fellows in the picture are M/Sgt. Berman's nursemaids. Left to right: Sgt. Loudermilk, Sgt. Lieber, M/Sgt. Berman, Sgt. Kostrzak, S/Sgt. Snyder.

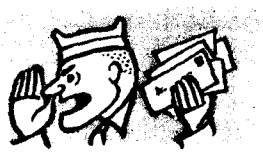
—Sgt. LINUS K. LOUDERMILK
Australia

Sorry, but our winner was born June 7, 1923. But thanks anyway for the snapshot. To M/Sgt. Berman a six-striped candy bar as consolation.

Dear YANK:
There was a big mistake in the story of the Tulagi attack in YANK Jan. 16, where it said the *Yorktown* protected the *Lexington*'s rear while it attacked. I was aboard the *Yorktown* and on May 4, 1942, we launched three consecutive attacks on ships at Tulagi. The *Lexington* was no where close at the time. Who wrote that story, a *Lexington* man?

—NORMAN G. JOHNSON, S1c
Pacific

Mail Call



Dear YANK:
Here's a problem I'd like YANK to yank the teeth out of. When we were stationed in Australia, I won two jitterbug contests (these Aussie gals kick a mean heel) and I collected a £6 prize, plus a £2 prize. I gave £4 (or half the take) to the lady, and that left me £4 in the black. Am I legally entitled to keep that dough—or does Uncle Sammy get a cut? All I want out of life right now is a steak, a glass of milk, and something delicious to squeeze (I don't mean lemons). As for you guys who always wanted to live on a South Sea island—just wait, you dopes, just wait!

—CHARLES C. SCOTT
New Guinea

The rule says you may keep dough earned in spare time, but you can't sell something the Army pays you to do. In this case, you keep the money.

Dear YANK:
The best way to keep a safety razor blade in action is to strop it on the palm of your hand. It is very easy to do, without much danger of a self-inflicted wound, and the result is surprising. It should be done right after one shave and just before the next. This little shaver with practically a porcupine mug used to harass a new blade daily; since a British officer divulged this trick, a blade goes for a week at least.

—BOLTON MALLORY
Mexico, D. F.

Dear YANK:
I am flattered that YANK "after due deliberation and the exercise of careful thought," should have admitted me to the Marching and Mayhem Club. Bouvier's dictionary defines mayhem as "The cutting or disabling or weakening of a man's hand or finger, or foretooth, or depriving him of those parts, the loss of which abates his courage. . . ." I agree with you that membership "is no light gesture, lightly given."

—FRANCIS BIDDLE, Attorney General
Washington, D. C.

Dear YANK:
We would like to take exception to a sentence in your story "Hot Bridge" by Sgt. Harry Brown [YANK, Jan. 20]: "Gee Dee," the captain says. "I'm going to put this whole company on KP. I'm going to transfer them all to the QMC." What the hell's the matter with the QMC? We feed you, we clothe you, we bring you supplies and ammunition and we don't use the back door to bring it to you either. We fight our way through to keep you as comfortable as possible. I pity any engineer who gets transferred to this corps.

—A Barracks of Indignant QMs
Camp Lee, Va.

Dear YANK:
Tear down the camp stockade; send the long termers to the federal pen. Then return the yardbirds left to their outfits, there to do extra duty after hours, preferably KP or cleaning trucks. After doing either or both I doubt whether any would "do it" again. Confinement of a soldier costs too much in time and men, and the men's spirit and courage are often impaired. It is sadder yet when the prisoner is in splendid physical shape and those are what the Army is needing now.

Please use initials in case you publish this letter or I will be in stockade again.

—Pvt. J. T.
Camp Livingston, La.

Dear YANK:
One thing bothers my buddies and me: the cheap commercialism on the part of advertisers who play upon patriotism in the furtherance of their products. Why should the name of a service organization be used to further the sale of Gaspies by showing Plaudett Bolbert "doing a grand job" giving them out to the boys at the Canteen? Most obnoxious are the radio commercials—one repeating to the point of exhaustion that "Blucky Mike Green has gone to War" and another scaring the Axis out of its wits by personally telling Hitler and Hirohito about our modern design in war equipment—and how their cigarettes also have modern design.

—A/C DAVID T. COHEN
Ellington Field, Tex.

Dear YANK:
Your Pvt. Joe McTurk page is very amusing but why do you insist on giving the guys from Staten Island a bad time? We all have lived there a good many years and we know for a fact that it is the "Garden Spot of New York."

—S/Sgt. HUGH A. KELLY, S/Sgt. ANTHONY N. TROIANO, Sgt. LAURENCE J. COSTIGAN, Sgt. ROBERT W. GIBSON, Sgt. JAMES A. McEWAN, Sgt. EMIL G. TATAR, Cpl. HAROLD A. NEUENDORFF, all from Staten Island.

CORRECTION

We made a mistake in answer to a letter in YANK in the issue of Jan. 13 when we told Pvt. C.R.R. he was automatically covered by Army insurance for the first six months of service. Here's the straight goods, from the adjutant general: "With certain exceptions affecting those captured or missing on or after Oct. 8, 1940, to and including April 19, 1942, there is *no* automatic insurance for anyone killed or disabled on or after April 20, 1942." Will everybody misinformed by our first piece please take note of the above and get us off the hook with AG.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 36
FEB. 26, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

OFFICERS PLEASE NOTE

BEFORE the British Eighth Army moved on El Alamein and routed Rommel's Afrika Korps, British Gen. Montgomery called his staff officers together for a conference. He outlined his plan of battle. He explained where he was going, and why, and how to get there. It was a standard General Staff huddle, open only to the higher brass.

But Montgomery didn't stop there. He ordered the battle plan explained to every man of the command, right down to the last buck private.

Inspired by the confidence their commander had placed in them by letting them in on the whole secret of the campaign, Gen. Montgomery's men went out and chased Rommel clear off the desert.

Thus was rewarded a general's faith that enlisted men are intelligent enough to be trusted with a broad plan of battle. In effect the general said, "We are all in this together. Here's what we're going to do; let's go." As a result, every soldier was able to make his own individual effort in relation to the whole strategy.

We'll bet a hat that the Eighth Army is a better outfit today for having shared, each man equally, in the campaign. We'll also bet the Eighth Army has such confidence in its command that in history it will be recorded as one of the greatest armies of this war.

Smart general, that Montgomery.

STRICTLY G.I.

More Dope for Overage Soldiers

HERE'S THE LATEST from WD for overseas G.I.s more than 38 years old who are wondering about getting a discharge. They *may* get released, but there's a big *IF*. It's at the discretion of the Commanding General of their theater of operations. Also, they will be released only where there's a trained replacement available. If they get over these hurdles, their release still depends on whether there's transportation available, which may be tough to find.

Cellophane Gas Wrapper

Latest wrinkle in protection against gases is a cellophane wrapper guaranteed to make G.I.s feel like a package of cigarettes. For protection against burning gases like mustard, this cover is a large envelope open at one end, the upper part of clear cellophane and the lower part of olive drab. Some troops landing in North Africa were equipped with these covers. They fold into a small package but can be thrown over your head and pulled to the level of your knees in a few seconds. Once contaminated with gas, the cover is thrown away and you're entitled to a new one—if you can find your supply sergeant.

1942 Score on Plane Losses

The box score on enemy and U. S. planes shot down in 1942 reads pretty well for our side. In that year we lost 309 planes of all types in combat compared to 987 enemy planes shot down plus 362 probables. The figures include American planes shot down by antiaircraft fire, but not enemy planes shot down by our antiaircraft gunners.

More Button News

The new QM regulation substituting plastic buttons for the original brass on enlisted men's uniforms will not apply to the brass on officers' blouses. Officers' overcoats are not affected because they never had brass buttons.

Facts and Figures

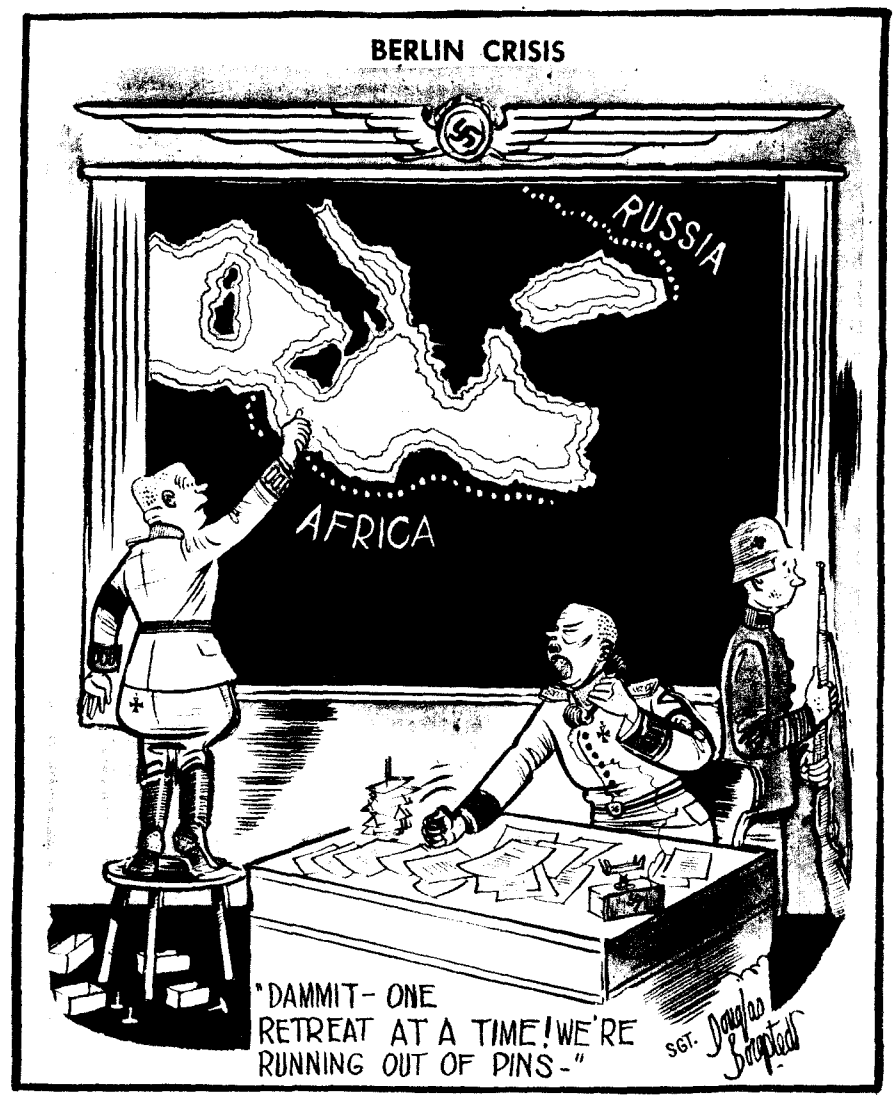
Out of every thousand dogfaces, 106 drove trucks or tractors in civilian life, and another 38 were mechanics, chauffeurs or auto servicemen. Next largest single group are the sales clerks, with 43 out of a thousand. Down at the bottom of the list are bakers, barbers, stenographers, lumberjacks and lawyers.

"Nisei" Outfit Formed

American citizens of Japanese ancestry who have no use for Tojo are going to have a chance to get a crack at the Axis. WD announces formation of a combat team to be composed of "nisei," as American born Japanese are called. This will include infantry, artillery, engineers and medical personnel. The unit will be filled by voluntary induction, but no one of doubtful loyalty can get in.

G.I. Shop Talk

The Army says that whenever possible they'll put twins in the same outfit, provided they get along with each other. . . . The QMC is now quartering G.I. canines in discarded liquor barrels. We hope the dogs don't get any wrong ideas. . . . The Air Forces have received enough steel landing mats to lay a 150-foot steel runway from Washington, D. C., to Buffalo, N. Y., if any one wanted to use them that way. A 3,000-foot runway can be laid in less than 48 hours. . . . Note to MPs: Don't pick up Coast Guardsmen in a single-breasted coat with brass buttons for being out of uniform. That's new G.I. for Coast Guardsmen of the Mounted Beach Patrol and Port Security Duty, and optional for other Coast Guardsmen assigned to shore units. The cap is like the one worn by chief petty officers, and bears the Coast Guard seal. In the summer they will get khaki.



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Those Last 10 Kilometers

When the Red Army broke the siege of Leningrad the German Underground Radio reminded Hitler that as a judge of distance he was a good paperhanger. On Nov. 8, 1941, while addressing party henchmen at Munich, the Underground needled, der Fuehrer said, "Leningrad is surrounded and no one will free it again. Besides, whoever has advanced from the East Prussian border to within 10 kilometers before Leningrad can also march those last 10 kilometers into the city."

They Don't Know From Nothing!

Explaining the complexities of Soviet strategy to the confused German people is tough on Nazi news commentators. Witness the following broadcast from Berlin: "What are these crazy Russians trying to do? First they advance from one place, then they advance from another. Do they know where they are going? How can they, when all the world knows Russians have no knowledge of geography. And yet, in spite of their ignorance, they keep on advancing."

Shrinking German Minorities

The latest joke making the rounds in Nazi-occupied Prague, says the Free Czech Government Journal in London, concerns a memorandum by Reich foreign minister von Ribbentrop to the League of Nations in Geneva, in which he protests "the Russian persecution of German minorities between the Volga and the Don."

We Wonder Why

The Nazis have a new theme song to close their official news broadcasts, says Reuters. It used to be *"Deutschland Uber Alles"*; now it's Chopin's "Funeral March."

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Pvt. Martin Harris. 2, top, Acme; bottom, Sgt. George Aarons. 3, Aarons. 4, upper left, Sgt. Bob Ghio; upper right, PA. 5, Sgt. John Barnes. 7, YANK Staff. 10, INP. 11, Acme. 12 and 13, Aarons. 16, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. 17, top left, PA; center left, PA; bottom, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 20 and 21, Harris. 23, Acme.

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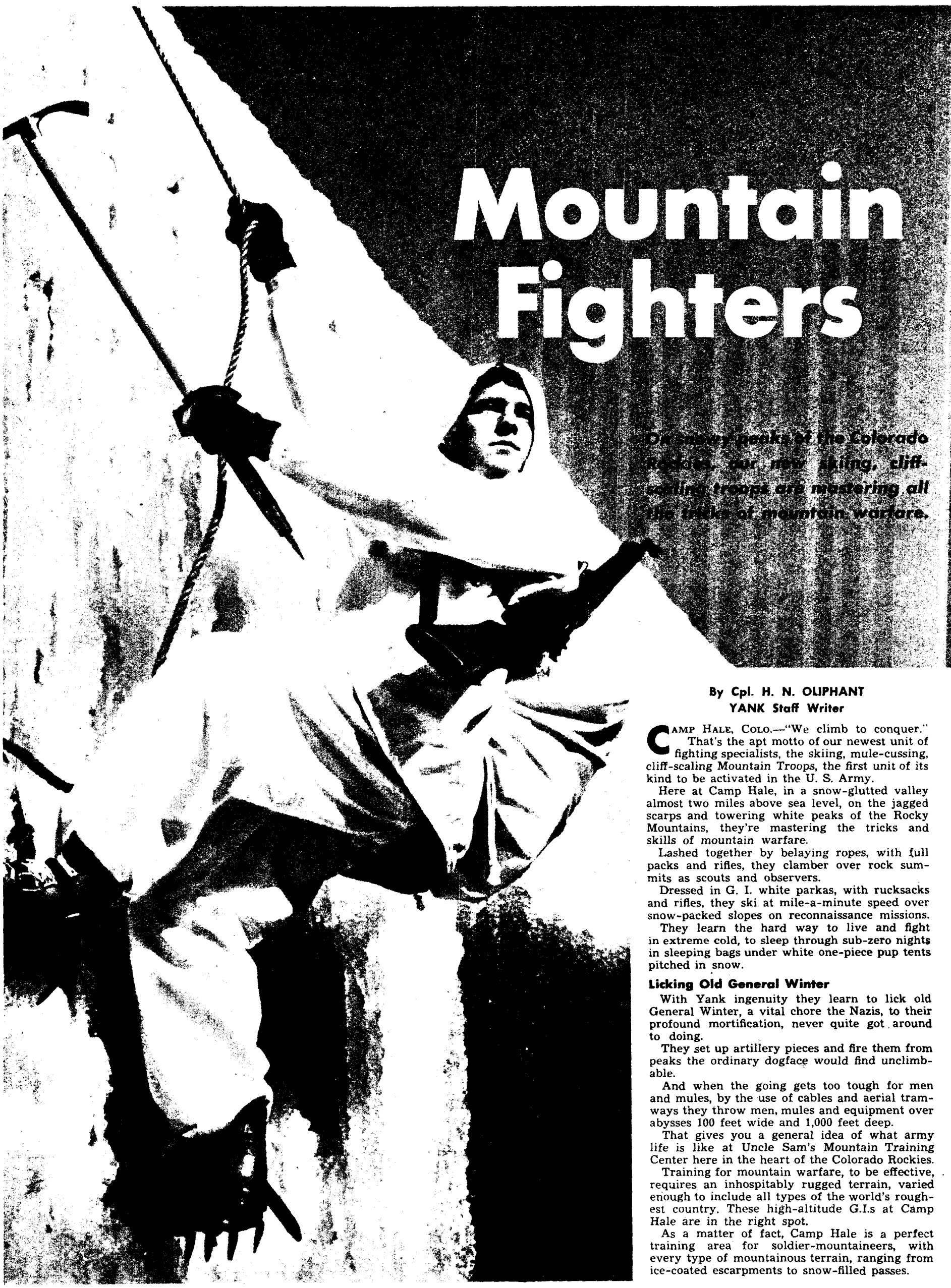
Mountain Fighters

On snowy peaks of the Colorado Rockies, our new skiing, cliff-scaling troops are mastering all the tricks of mountain warfare.



Pausing on his way up the side of an ice-covered crevasse, Cpl. James A. Harris, of Seminole, Okla., digs in before the last swing over the crest. Strapped to his boots are crampons, to guarantee a sure hold.

By Cpl. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

CAMP HALE, COLO.—"We climb to conquer." That's the apt motto of our newest unit of fighting specialists, the skiing, mule-cussing, cliff-scaling Mountain Troops, the first unit of its kind to be activated in the U. S. Army.

Here at Camp Hale, in a snow-glutted valley almost two miles above sea level, on the jagged scarps and towering white peaks of the Rocky Mountains, they're mastering the tricks and skills of mountain warfare.

Lashed together by belaying ropes, with full packs and rifles, they clamber over rock summits as scouts and observers.

Dressed in G. I. white parkas, with rucksacks and rifles, they ski at mile-a-minute speed over snow-packed slopes on reconnaissance missions.

They learn the hard way to live and fight in extreme cold, to sleep through sub-zero nights in sleeping bags under white one-piece pup tents pitched in snow.

Licking Old General Winter

With Yank ingenuity they learn to lick old General Winter, a vital chore the Nazis, to their profound mortification, never quite got around to doing.

They set up artillery pieces and fire them from peaks the ordinary dogface would find unclimbable.

And when the going gets too tough for men and mules, by the use of cables and aerial tramways they throw men, mules and equipment over abysses 100 feet wide and 1,000 feet deep.

That gives you a general idea of what army life is like at Uncle Sam's Mountain Training Center here in the heart of the Colorado Rockies.

Training for mountain warfare, to be effective, requires an inhospitably rugged terrain, varied enough to include all types of the world's roughest country. These high-altitude G.I.s at Camp Hale are in the right spot.

As a matter of fact, Camp Hale is a perfect training area for soldier-mountaineers, with every type of mountainous terrain, ranging from ice-coated escarpments to snow-filled passes.

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It offers, significantly, topographical problems similar to those in Norway, the Balkans and southern France, all potential Allied invasion points.

It also offers weather conditions of sufficiently varied severity. Case-hardened soldiers in these frozen parts consider 25 degrees below zero a "moderate" temperature.

As a private from New Hampshire puts it, "It's the only outfit in this man's army where a hot-foot is both practicable and agreeable."

The Mountain Training Center was conceived in the summer of 1940, shortly after the fall of Norway. It was that tragic 60-day battle, in which German mountain troops surprised the British by suddenly appearing on apparently inaccessible summits with heavy artillery pieces, which convinced our strategists that mountain warfare could be waged successfully only by carefully trained specialists.

It's a Job for Experts

In the last days of April 1941, when the British were overwhelmed at Thermopylae by specially schooled and equipped Nazi mountain troops, it became clear that mountain fighting could never again be left to conventional troops. It was a job for experts. Our staff got busy.

Under the command of Brig. Gen. Onslow S. Rolfe, a regiment of expert skiers and mountaineers was sent to Fort Lewis, Wash. There on the nearby slopes of Mt. Rainier, in the sharp cold of an altitude of 5,000 feet, the boys rolled down their sleeves, so to speak, and went to work.

Gen. Rolfe is a tough-minded West Pointer who can be as stubborn as any of his mountain mules when he sets out to accomplish something. Two decorations in the first World War testified to his ability as a soldier. Now he was ready to graft his knowledge of plain soldiering onto the skills of skiing and mountaineering.

Meanwhile, his men were learning the fundamentals of mountain warfare: how to fight when on skis, when handling mules, when climbing mountains.

The Makin's of a Mountain Army

Three things determine the effective striking power of a mountain army:

1) Skilled, resourceful skiers and mountaineers.

2) Superior arms and necessary equipment to cope with extreme conditions.

3) Engineering training.

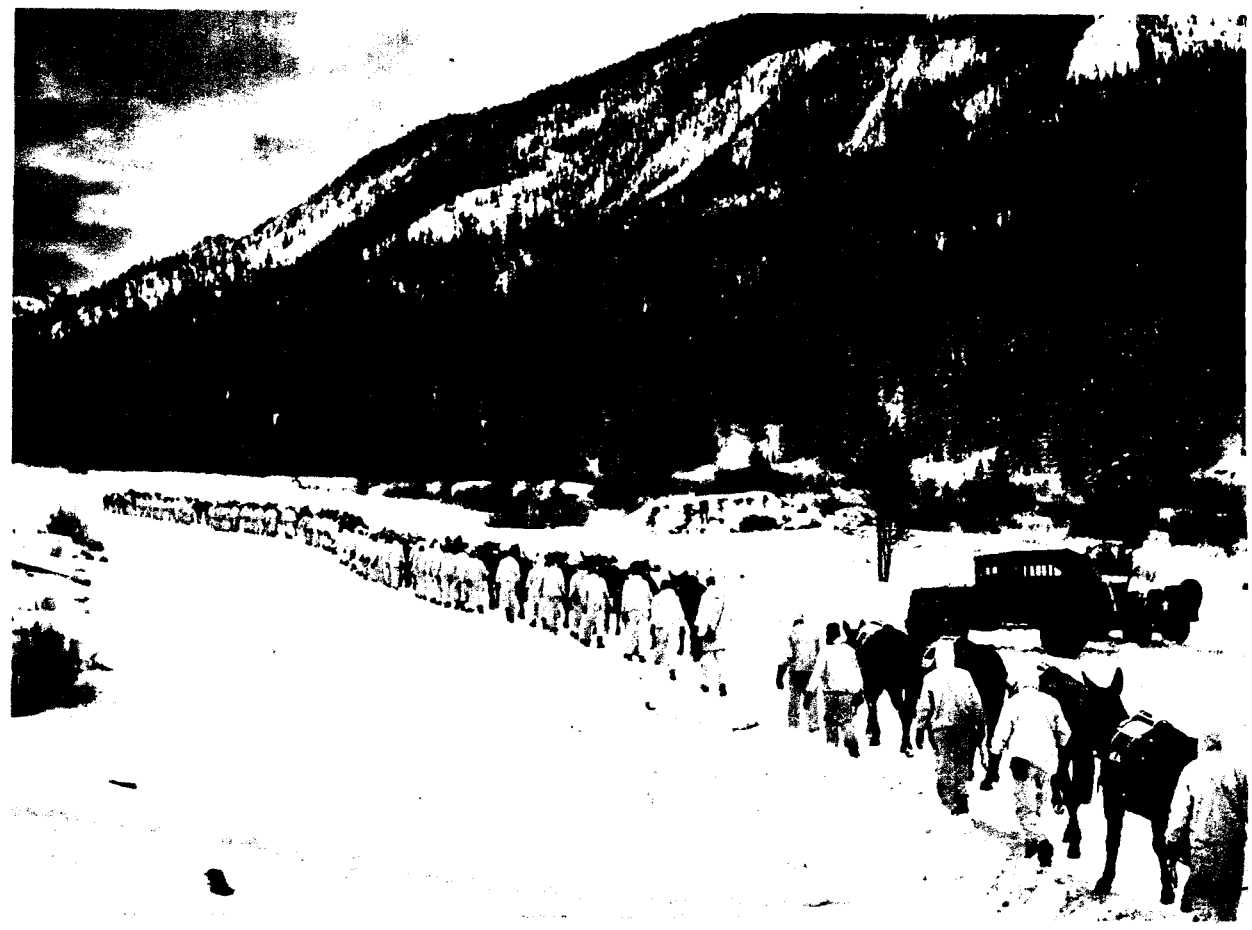
We're tops in all three departments.

Take the skiers and mountaineers. There are so many champs around here that roll calls sound like the rosters of 10 Olympic teams.

There's acting top kick Walter Prager, the only skier ever to win Europe's Gold Kandahar race twice. He also coached several champion ski teams at Dartmouth. There's S/Sgt. Peter Gabriel, one of the world's top-flight skiers, a former Swiss mountaineer guide who has climbed most of the world's toughest peaks, from the Alps to Alaska. There's Pvt. Torger Tokle, world's champion jumper. And Sgt. Olaf Rodegaard, former head of the Mt. Hood Ski School.

In the matter of arms and equipment, the Nazis will learn of that the hard way.

Finally, with respect to engineering genius, you can bet your G. I. drawers that the wizardry and American knack for invention which built a Boulder Dam and a Golden Gate bridge is not going to have too much trouble getting men, mules and lethal equipment over the Balkans—or, say, over the fjords and mountains of Norway.



Under stormy clouds, men of a pack artillery unit lead mules, laden with 75-mm howitzers, through a defile. The 75s are disassembled into six parts, carried easily by the mules, and reassembled quickly.

A gun crew of white clad mountain fighters have set up a 77-mm howitzer on a ridge of the Rockies and are ready for practice fire. Making practical use of artillery at tough heights is natural to them.

A communications crew is contacting its observation post, located on a summit 1500 feet above.

A Camp Hale MP on the job, with icicles for company. He's Pvt. Easter L. Rice, of Crossett, Ark.

Pvt. John Reid, of Adams, Mass., ties his Garand to standard white rucksack (Norwegian-type pack).

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

A Night in the Nether World

THE LAST THING I remembered before I fell asleep was the tired sigh of the guy in the next bed to mine.

"It was a tough day," he groaned. "I'm dead."

The next thing I knew, I was being awakened by Sgt. Mephisto, who was pulling his devil's rank on me. He waved his horns in my face and told me that if I wasn't out of my coffin and dressed in two seconds he would put me on grave-digging detail until the millennium.

It was an inspection day and I had an unpolished rib in my barracks bag, so I got up quickly, put on my G.I. shroud and started bucking on my ribs, which I generally keep pretty well polished.

The sergeant stood around for a while and raised hell with me about my missing coffin check the night before. I told him I had a date with a banshee from Toledo and had missed the last hearse, but that was no excuse as far as he's concerned. He's always picking on me and if he doesn't stop I'm going to ask to be transferred to a different mausoleum.

This sergeant is a very sour character anyhow. He used to be in the Cavalry, the Headless Horsemen Regiment, and they shipped him out when he was made a sergeant because he got ahead. The other day I saw him picking on a poor little vampire who didn't have his shroud on straight. How could he when he couldn't see himself in the mirror?

I had a breakfast of wolfbane on a shingle after which we did calisthenics. It was a cold morning and you should have heard our bones rattle. Then we did some dismounted drill to the music of the harp band. I wish they'd learn some new march tunes. I'm getting tired of "I Ain't Got No Body." We spent the rest of the morning at screaming and howling practice. I'm getting pretty good at it because my moan is changing. I was hoping Maj. Frankenstein might hear me. Maybe he would make me a T/5 cadaver.

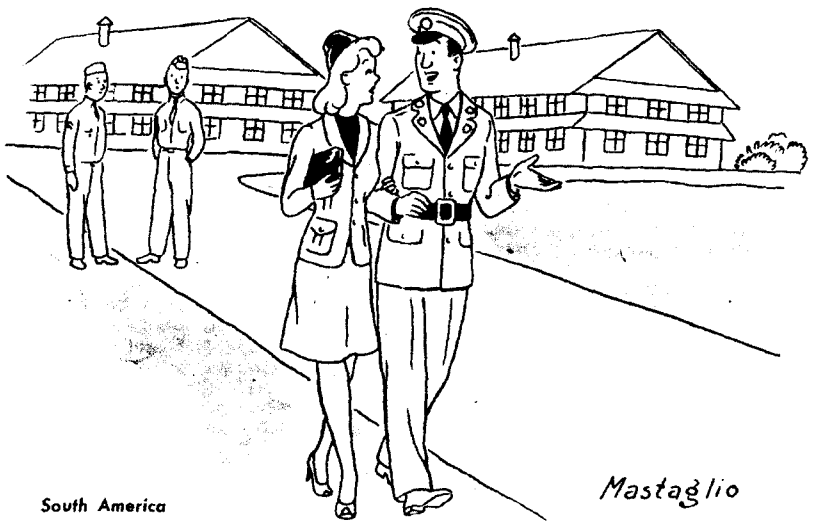
After dinner, which I ate like a vulture, we had an hour of incantations drill during which I summoned up a small harpy.

If I thought the sergeant would recommend me I'd put in for devil's OCS. It would be wonderful to be reincarnated as a second looey and go home with bars on my clavicle.

After drill we went back to our mausoleum barracks and I relaxed in my coffin thinking about a cute little witch I knew in Wichita. She has the nicest skeleton in her closet. She used to live in Salem but her neighbors burned her up so she moved to Kansas because someone told her that it was hot as hell there in the summer. Right in the middle of my pleasant reverie, Sgt. Mephisto detailed me to haunt a fox hole that night. I guess I got pretty angry and I remember kicking and yelling at the sergeant when the next thing I knew my real top kick was shaking me. I half sat up, looked at him long and discerningly, and thought, "Life is a dream, isn't it?"

—Cpl. JULIAN CLAYMAN

Fort Riley, Kans.



South America

"They call me goldbrick because I shine in everything."

SOS—SLUM

"S" is for the slush that goes into it.
"L" is for the lousy way it tastes.
"U" is for the urge we have to throw it right into that damned mess sergeant's face.
"M" is for the meat that isn't in it.
"SLUM" is what they call the awful mess.
There's only one thing worse within the Army.
You guessed it, soldier—S O S.

—Pvt. TERRY McMAHON

Camp Wallace, Tex.

THAT LITTLE BAR

Twinkle, twinkle little bar
How I wonder if you are
Destined one day to adorn
This collar now so bare, forlorn.
Tell me, bar, does my I Q
Warrant dreams of owning you—
Or will I hear each day at dawn
(And on the first lap of my yawn)
The brassy notes of reveille
Saying, "Come, PDQ, YOU'RE on KP?"

—Pvt. IRWIN W. SOLOMON

Fort MacArthur, Calif.

Latrine Orderly

The latrine orderly is somebody we all know, but who is absolutely unknown to the folks back home. In our letters he is vaguely (when he is us) referred to as a person who is

doing some kind of work for the government that is so important that the details can't be discussed. Latrine orderlies are generally fellows who were extremely fastidious in civilian life, but in the army they get on very intimate terms with all kinds of plumbing fixtures and can be found working way around the back as well as deep inside.

Latrine orderlies are not without authority. Theirs is the privilege of hanging a sign on the door excluding everyone for a certain period of time, and no little enjoyment is experienced by them when they refuse entrance to noncoms.

Latrine rumors are generally started by the latrine orderly, though he very often fails to recognize them in their final versions. Latrine orderlies sometimes graduate to latrine lawyers, frequently known under another name.

Despite the type of work the latrine orderly is engaged in, he is about the happiest and most optimistic man in the army. For some of us the war seems to stretch on endlessly ahead, but for an observant latrine orderly the end is always in sight.

—Sgt. ALLAN KLEINWAKS

Hawaii

THIS IS AMERICA

THIS is America . . .
It is a countryside,
A showing of villages
And farms, mountains
And seacoasts, inland
Waterways wide and deep.
America is a picture
Of sturdy, homely things:
A lighted porch
On a quiet frame house
In South Dakota;
A swimming hole
At Pine Grove Mills
In Bucks County, Pa.
The heavy sweetness
Over a Louisiana bayou;
A Colorado village
Nested in blue-topped hills;
Horn sounds at a distance
On Lake Shore Drive
By Chicago way.
Fishermen's boats
Off Gloucester, Mass.
A clear sunset
Deep in the gorge
Of Yosemite Valley;
Cowboys flanking cattle
On a Montana range.
The Manhattan skyline
Banked against low clouds.
Tobacco-spittin' farmers
Pitching hay
In a New Hampshire field;
Ocean surf breaking
Off Virginia Beach
On a winter's night;
Migrant workers
Dragging homeward.
Italian, Polish, Negro kids
Hollering in the streets
In downtown Philadelphia.
America is beauty—
And more: It is a challenge
And a way of life.
This is our America. . . .
Deep-rooted, tough
And proud and free.

—Pvt. H. L. SILVERMAN

Fort Dix, N. J.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES

GENERAL MIXUP

1. Crocodile. 2. Hippopotamus. 3. Elephant. 4. Giraffe. 5. Leopard. 6. Opossum. 7. Kangaroo. 8. Rhinoceros. 9. Alligator. 10. Panther.

SQUARE SHOOTIN'

Tank. Bomb. Ship. Mine. Shell. Rifle. Plane. Bullet. Glider. Mortar. Bayonet. Torpedo. Cruiser. Destroyer. Submarine.

DANNY'S DILEMMA

A raise of $75 every six months is a better deal than a raise of $300 each year. Just to prove it, let's see what would happen in each case. A three-year period is sufficient to illustrate:

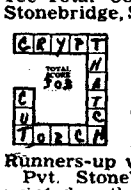
$300 Each Year	$75 Every Six Months	
1st yr. — $1,500	1st 6 mos. — $750	
2nd yr.— 1,800	2nd 6 mos. — 825	$1,575
3rd yr.— 2,100	3rd 6 mos. — 900	
	4th 6 mos. — 975	1,875
TOTAL $5,400	5th 6 mos. — 1050	
	6th 6 mos. — 1125	
		2,175
	TOTAL	$5,625

DOUBLE PUZZLE

TIRE plus AX plus INCH minus CHAIR plus MASK minus MINK equals Texas.

Tee-Total Winners

Three winners crashed through in the Tee-Total Contest of Jan. 13. Pvt. C. L. Stonebridge, Signal Service Battalion, North Fort Lewis, Wash., was first in with a score of 303, followed by Cpl. Ted Georgeff, Medical Training Battalion, Camp Barkeley, Tex., and Sgt. George T. Dexter, 745th Tank Battalion, Camp Bowie, Tex., —both of whom also had 303. Runners-up were far too numerous to list.



Pvt. Stonebridge's winning solution is printed on the left. Sgt. Dexter used "croft" instead of "crypt," "thrift" instead of "thatch," and "tract" instead of "torch." Cpl. Georgeff used "thrift" and "tract."

Each of these three winners is awarded one of YANK's Puzzle Kits—now on the way to them by mail. Join YANK's contest and win a prize yourself. There are prizes and puzzles each week.

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SPORTS: SYNDICATE SLUGGER BEAU JACK FIGHTS HIS HEART OUT TO BUY HAWG FARM AND SHOOTING GALLERY

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

WE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU two bits for Fritzie Zivic's whole nervous system today. Zivic has just been polished off with much neatness and dispatch by Beau Jack, the shoe shine kid himself.

Too much can't be said of the Beau. Besides qualifying as a first-rate bootblack, he also goes under several other titles. He is champion of the lightweights; champion of the Stork Club, a well-known fighting establishment, and heir to the name of Sidney Walker.

The Beau isn't the first fighter to become famed as the Stork Club champion. This title has been kicked around by such guys as Peter Arno, the all-time Stork Club champ; Franchot Tone; Ernest Hemingway, the novelist; Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., the most famous slugger of them all; and Lt. Comdr. Walter Winchell, the most slugged of all the Stork Club contenders.

The Beau, of course, is the only legitimate champ of the debutante emporium. He does all of his fighting in the ring and not with the customers. Only his business is handled in the club. Members of the well-heeled Beau Jack syndicate meet at the club to divvy up the purses, congratulate each other on discovering the Beau, and decide his weekly allowance.

The syndicate includes 22 amateur fight managers like Capt. Bobby Jones and sports-writing Grantland Rice. They feed, clothe and pick their boy's opponents. They do everything for him except teach him how to read and write.

The Beau has come a long way with his rich backers. His story goes back to a Tobacco Road shanty outside of Augusta, Ga., where as an infant his old man ran afoul of the law and cleared town. His mother just picked up and wandered off, leaving the Beau to his grandmaw. She changed his name from Sidney Walker to Beau Jack for reasons he will never know. When he was 10 years old the "Old Lady" chased him off to Augusta to make his own living.

The Syndicate Launches Its Champion

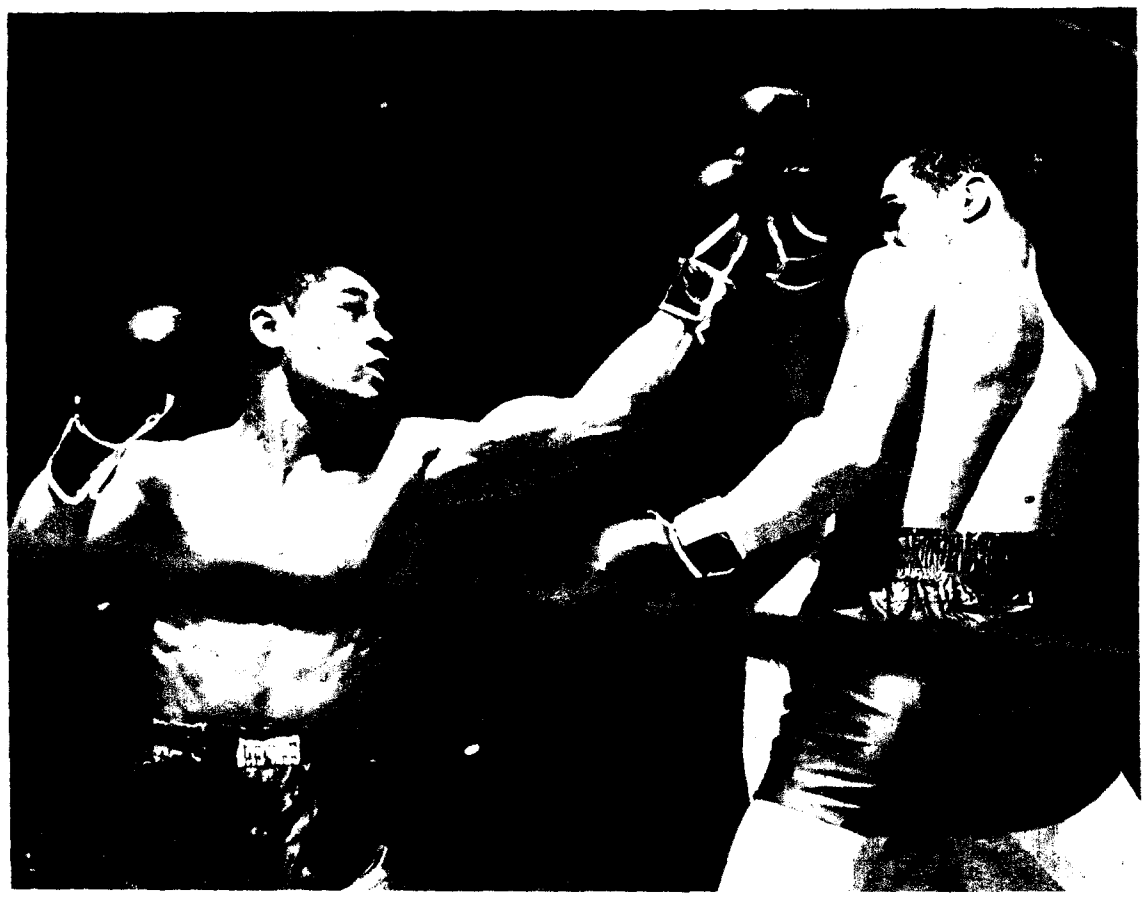
After four years in the garbage business, Little Beau decided it was time to improve himself. He wandered into the Augusta National Golf Club and curled up in the locker room. The club steward found him, stuck a shoe brush and polish in his hand and put him to work. When the club put on battles royal among the caddies, Beau was always the last little gladiator left in the ring. He liked this business of fighting and what's more looked like a fighter.

This was enough to convince club members that the Beau deserved a chance to box professionally. They banded together in a syndicate, hired a manager, and sent the Beau off to New York. Their original investment was $25 each.

The Beau got off to a slow start, losing three of his first six fights. This didn't cool the syndicate's enthusiasm. They believed in their boy. More money was poured into the enterprise and the Beau soon justified their faith. He knocked over 42 of the next 45 opponents, including the top-ranking lightweight contender, Allie Stolz.

Just about this time Sammy Angott, the champion, quit the ring, leaving the lightweight title between Beau and Tippy Larkin. The Beau punched Larkin silly in three rounds, and the syndicate held a board meeting and claimed the title for their man.

The likable Negro boy has earned something like $30,000, enough dough to repay the syndicate, establish a $10,000 trust fund, and buy the hawg farm and shooting gallery that he wants more than all of Mike Jacob's boxing titles.



RIGHT HAND CRAZY, Beau Jack (left, above) finds his left parried by Fritzie Zivic, but his right hand is cocked and ready for quick delivery. In the bottom photo, the Beau gets ready to smash his cocked right into Allie Stolz's head. Before he was through he had smashed a lot of them into Stolz.

SPORT SHORTS

Sugar Ray Robinson's amazing winning streak of 130 victories as a professional and amateur has been finally shot to pieces by **Jake LaMotta's** whistling left hand. LaMotta, a little known youngster from the Bronx, handed Robinson a terrific shellacking in Detroit, flooring him in the eighth round for a nine-count and leaving him dangling on the ropes helpless when the bell ended the fight in the tenth.

Sgt. Mario (Moots) Toneilli, halfback of the Chicago Cardinals and former Notre Dame star, is a prisoner of the Japs in the Philippines. Toneilli scored the winning touchdown in Notre Dame's 13-6 victory over Southern California in 1939. . . . **Bill Dudley**, the Virginia All-American, is an officer candidate at Miami Beach along with **Johnny Beazley**, the Cardinal World Series hero. . . . Veteran **Al Simmons**, a free agent, has been signed by the Boston Red Sox as a utility player.

Leo Durocher has told the Brooklyn Dodgers they had better start looking for a new manager, because he's sure he passed his physical examination. There have been reports that Durocher would be rejected because of a perforated eardrum, but he said the trouble was corrected back in 1933. Durocher is 37 years old, married, but his wife's income as a dress designer exceeds that of her husband. Durocher's successor in Brooklyn may be **Dolph Camilli** or **Bill Terry**.

Joe Osmanski, the battering-ram fullback from Holy Cross, is now a shavetail at Fort Hancock. . . . Those three goals in 37 seconds by the Canadiens against Detroit was a National Hockey League record. . . . **President Roosevelt** has sidestepped all queries on the future of baseball by turning the matter over to his secretaries. Last year he gave baseball the green light. Now it's amber.

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U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS 'FIGHT' SONG

Words by
Brig. Gen. S. C. GODFREY

Music by
DOROTHY GODFREY

March tempo

Verse
Guitar

Uncle Sam-my's Ar-my want-ed En - gi - neers
Ar-my planes are ta-king off for dis - tant flight

Said they'd need a lot of hus - ky pi - o - neers Men to build their brid - ges Guys to blast the
Need a hun-dred land-ing fields from which to fight Engi-neers to build 'em They found some holes and

rid - ges Hea - dy, rea - dy rough-necks, fight-ing En-gi - neers! Now they're build-ing roads and huts on
filled 'em Bull-dozed off the run - ways, work-ing day and night! Laid a land-ing mat of steel with

ev' ry front What it takes to help the Ar - my pull, its stunt Noth - ing is a
gobs of paint Cam - ou-flaged a field to look like what it ain't Bombs the field may

po - ser To the old bull - do - zer For jobs the en-gi - neers don't have to hunt:
bit But ne - ver do they quit For A - vi - a - tion En - gi-neers don't faint:

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Chorus

There's a road to clear, call the En - gi - neer! For the tanks are waiting to go through

A bridge to build, a cra - ter filled He takes a look and says "Can

do!" Build a land - ing lane for an Ar - my plane Cross that ra - ging stream by

night When a pill box calls a halt He will take it by as - sault He can fight!

Fight! Fight! Fight! There's a Fight!

tacet

This is the special verse which Gen. Godfrey dreamed up for the opening of the Alcan Highway:

Far Alaska needs a road—supplies must flow,
Sixteen hundred miles to punch it through —let's go!
Up the ranges winding,
Virgin timber finding,
Crunching through the muskeg, bridging streams below,
Came the Army Engineers, machine and man,
Cleared and grubbed and graded—always in the van.
Tough the job they picked,
But soon they had it licked,
And opened up the highway called ALCAN.

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